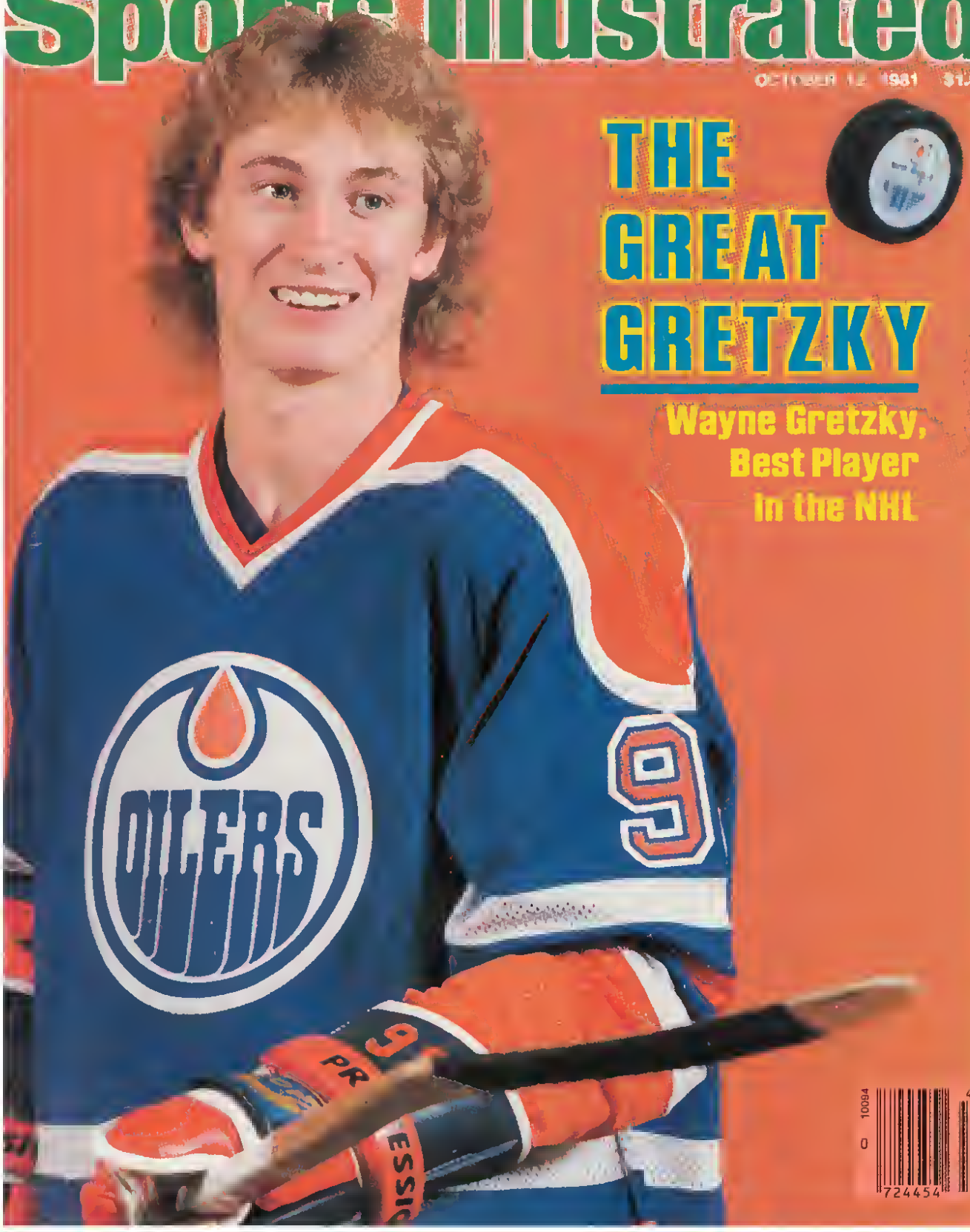
THE MIAMI DOLPHINS: UNBEATEN AND UNKNOWN

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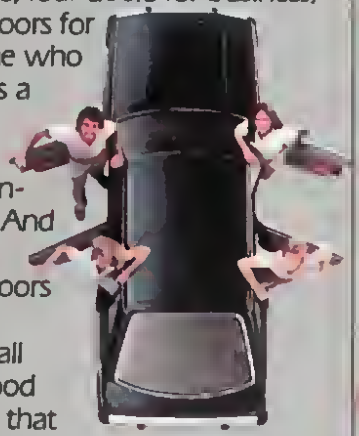


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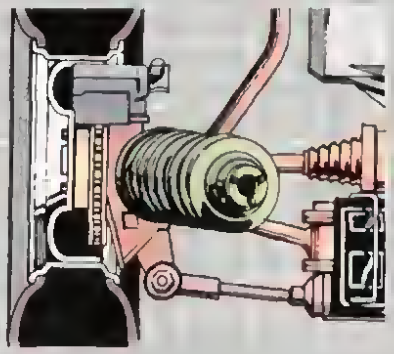
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Sports Illustrated

CONTENTS

OCT. 12, 1981 *Volume 55, No 16*

Cover photograph by Paul Kennedy

Saturday Punches 26

Lightweight champ Alexis Arguello lowered the boom on Ray Mancini and then exited with his usual touch of class **by E. M. Swift**

Middleweight champ Marvin Hagler left Mustafa Hamsho in stitches, and Mike Weaver retained his share of the heavyweight title **by Pat Putnam**

A Terrible Loss, but Not a Lost Cause 32

Stunned by an injury to Tailback Kelvin Bryant, unbeaten North Carolina relied on new heroes to whip Georgia Tech **by Douglas S. Looney**

Milwaukee Spells Relief R-O-L-L-I-E 34

After 11 years of failure, the Brewers won their first postseason berth as bullpen ace Rollie Fingers shut off Detroit **by Steve Wulf**

New Names but Still No Names 36

Miami Dolphin Coach Don Shula is up to his old tricks, molding a bunch of unknowns into the only unbeaten team in the AFC **by John Underwood**

Hockey '81-82 42

The NHL will have two races, one for the league title and one for the draft rights to Brian Bellows, hottest junior prospect since Wayne Gretzky

The scheduling format may be new, but the Stanley Cup should remain on Long Island. An inside look at all 21 teams **by Mike DelNagro**

Lou Nanne, Minnesota's general manager, is a lousy poet, but his savvy and salesmanship heve made his club a contender **by E. M. Swift**

The Best and Getting Better 78

Though only 20, Wayne Gretzky is, without question, the NHL's top player All that's left to ask is How good will he become? **by E. M. Swift**

The Departments

Scorecard	21	Pro Basketball	70	For the Record	103
College Football	62	Baseball	75	19th Hole	104

Credits on page 103

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



DelNAGRO: ZAMBONI RIDE INTO A NEW SEASON

The new man on SI's hockey beat is Staff Writer Mike DelNagro, whose team-by-team analysis of the NHL season begins on page 44. Mike has quickly discovered the most difficult aspect of covering his new sport. "You're always working under the 95 Percent Rule," he says. "You watch the ice 95 percent of the time, and 95 percent of the goals are scored during the other five percent." But in truth DelNagro, 34, who had spent his nine years with us as a member of the college football and basketball staffs, admires hockey's constant action. "The *charm* of hockey is its speed," he says.

For several years DelNagro seemed to be living under a Zero Percent Rule of his own. He grew up in Buffalo long before the NHL Sabres came to town, and had a rather informal playing career. "Sometimes, after bad snowstorms, when cars had packed the roads to sheer ice, we'd go out and play in street shoes," he says. "No pads, either." Hockey continued to elude DelNagro during his college years at St. Bonaventure. "If we had a hockey team, no one knew about it," he says. "I was the sports editor of the school paper and *I* didn't know about it." When he subsequently enlisted in the Air Force, he was stationed in, of all places, Waikiki. "Hockey? Unheard of," he says.

DelNagro's present residence, though, is only a 2½-minute subway ride from Madison Square Garden and the Rangers. This season he hopes to watch more of the clean, sharp play he saw while covering last month's Canada Cup competition and less of the mayhem he saw on TV last Friday night when the Rangers and Islanders waged a battle royal that produced 220 minutes in penalties, prompted five ejections and resulted in a 25-minute delay. "Fighting *isn't* part of the game," DelNagro says. "Athletes in every sport have frustrations, but they're not allowed to take them out with their fists. A quarterback who throws five interceptions isn't real happy, but that doesn't mean he can go punch the cornerback."

DelNagro hasn't yet warmed to the struggles that go on in the corners of a hockey rink, either. "Maybe they could install hard rubber boards there so the puck could bounce right out," he says. (It should be noted that DelNagro is also SI's resident billiards expert.)

DelNagro's assignment doesn't mean an end to ice time for E.M. Swift, the man on the beat since 1978. In this issue alone Swift profiles Edmonton's phenomenal center, Wayne Gretzky (*page 78*), and Minnesota North Star General Manager Lou Nanne (*page 52*). He also reports on the WBC lightweight title fight in Atlantic City (*page 26*). What's more, Swift's first novel, *Each Thief Passing By* (Little, Brown), a story of a Wyoming ranching family, was published recently. "The conflict is whether they should sell off their land to be strip-mined for coal," says Swift.

As for his successor on the hockey beat, Swift has only one bit of advice on the sport for DelNagro: "Basically, I would say, don't go into a losing locker room. Hockey players can be extraordinarily unpleasant after a loss."

Philip D. Howlett



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by SAM MOSES

TAKE A SURFBOARD, THROW IN A DASH OF KAYAK, AND THE RESULT IS A SOFSKI

The fact that there are now punk surfers doesn't mean that New Wave has anything to do with the ocean; it's merely proof of surfing's broad appeal and continuing change. The sport is different from what it was 20 years ago; not only have surfers changed, but their boards have also undergone modification—*radically*, as a surfer would say.

Forget the 15-foot, 150-pound surfboards of old. Some boards today are shorter than six feet and weigh only seven pounds, and one can do tricks with them. There are also offshoots: bellyboards, skimboards and softboards. And now, the Sofski.

Sofski is the offspring of surfboard and kayak; it can be used either in waves or white-water streams and is easier to use than either of its folks. It comes in lengths of seven, eight and nine feet and looks like a surfboard, but the rider sits on it as if it were a kayak. He nestles his buttocks and heels into indentations, and nylon loops hold his feet down. He propels himself and steers with a lightweight paddle, which is leashed to the Sofski.

Catching a wave is easier than with a surfboard; neither the timing nor balance is anywhere near as critical on a Sofski. Anyone can do it, though it might take an hour or so to get the control down pat. And if the rider does teeter over, all he has to do is hang on to the paddle, and the Sofski will stay at his side.

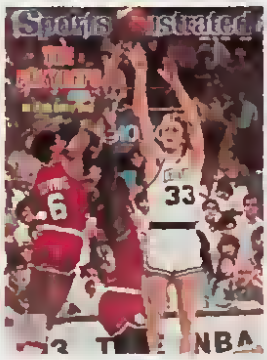
The Sofski is made of a soft, space-age substance called ethafoam and weighs only 15, 16 or 17 pounds, depending on its length. The foam is more resilient than fiber glass and will bounce off rocks all day long without crunching or chipping. Another important quality of the foam, especially in crowded bathing areas, is that it will also bounce harmlessly off skulls, not crack them.

At a retail price of $270, $285 or $300, again depending on length, Sofski is a few dollars more than an average surfboard, ethafoam being an expensive material. It can be bought from the manufacturer, Surf Skis USA, 1212 Kona St., Honolulu, Hawaii 96814 **END**

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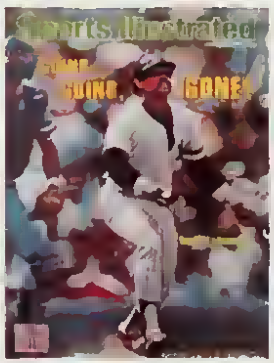
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ART TALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

THIS SPORTS ART AND ARTIFACT SHOW IS BETTER IN PERSON THAN IN PRINT

"Champions of American Sport" is an exhibition, sponsored, oddly enough, by a cigarette manufacturer and a brewing company, that opened last summer in Washington and is now about to move to Chicago and then New York. There's also, for those who are unable to visit the exhibition, a coffee-table book of the same name, but be warned that this volume is a pale imitation of the real thing.

If the show is as handsomely and imaginatively mounted at its next two stops as it was in Washington's National Portrait Gallery, Chicago and New York are in for quite a treat. "Champions of American Sport" is a dazzling display of paintings, sculpture, photographs, bric-a-brac and souvenirs that admirably conveys the glamour and verve of the athletes it salutes.

There are 100 such stars, chosen by the staff of the Portrait Gallery after consultation with various experts. Obviously, when you honor a mere 100 athletes in 16 different sports, there are going to be some glaring omissions; among those heroes and heroines the organizers of the exhibition admit they left out are Stan Musial, Maureen Connolly, Sam Snead and Tom Harmon. I would add to that roster: Walter Johnson, Jerry West, Chris Evert Lloyd, Lance Alworth, Deacon Jones and Lee Trevino. But list-making is itself good sport; go to the exhibition and argue over the choices.

Few of the selections are really very arguable, and some are imaginative: the pioneer bicylist A.A. Zimmerman, the cross-country walker Edward Payson Weston, the renowned surfer Duke Kahanamoku. In the major sports, most of the choices are predictable; after all, you can't argue with Babe Ruth and Johnny Unitas, Jack Johnson and Ben Hogan, Babe Didrikson Zaharias and Eddie Arcaro. If what you want is greatness, that's what this show offers.

Some athletes are depicted in what may or may not be called works of art, depending on one's definition of the term: a

continued



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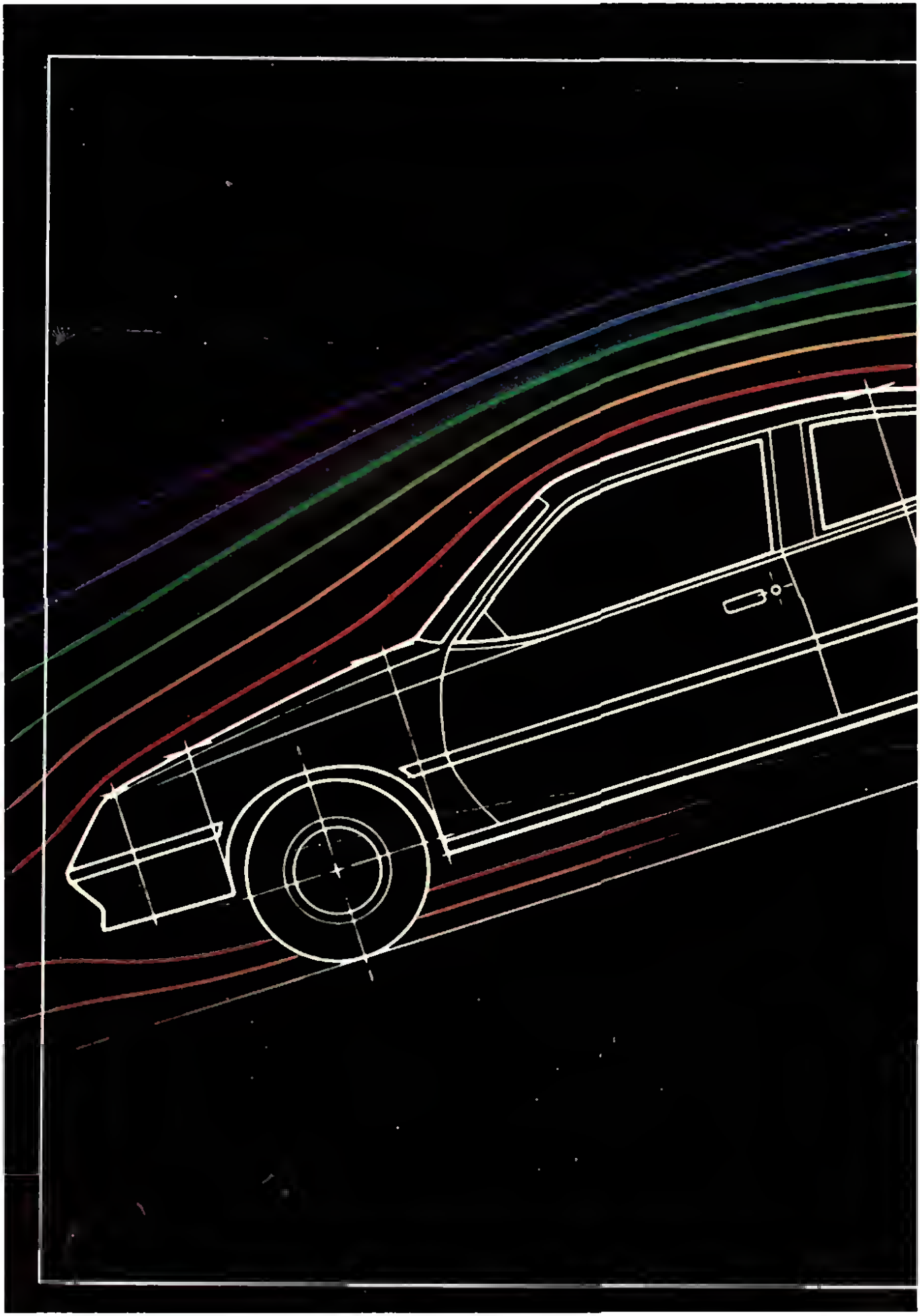
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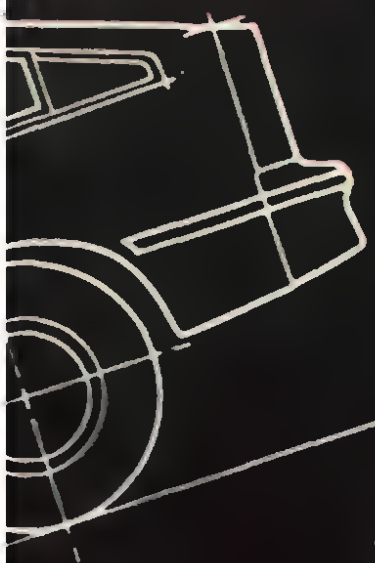
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painted statue of Casey Stengel, Andy Warhol canvases of O.J. Simpson and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. Most of the paintings and sculpture serve as a reminder that great athletes and their endeavors have inspired little worthwhile art. The notable exceptions are a selection of paintings by George Bellows and Thomas Eakins' "Between Rounds."

But the photographs are something else again. Most are greatly enlarged and dramatically displayed; many, especially those from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, are in color. They range from what is arguably the best of all baseball photos—Ty Cobb sliding viciously into third through a dark cloud of dust—to Neil Leifer's shot, taken for SI, of a snarling Muhammad Ali taunting the fallen Sonny Liston in their second championship fight.

On and on it goes: the 1938 Maserati, itself a work of art, that won the Indianapolis 500 in 1939 and 1940; Kahanamoku's surfboard; racing colors worn by several famous jockeys; Rocky Marciano's boxing gloves; a poster advertising a Sonja Henie movie and programs for the first and second Dempsey-Tunney fights. There's a fine film, presented in a minitheater, celebrating some of the champions, and TV sets scattered around the exhibition show old sports footage.

All in all it's quite a show. But the book, *Champions of American Sport* (Harry N. Abrams, Inc. $35), is not. In these days of high production costs and inflated prices, $35 no longer brings much in the way of a coffee-table book. (A more realistically priced paperback version, at $14.95, can be bought only at the exhibition.) Where the pictures are reproduced in color, they look fine; but that's only 68 of 249 illustrations, a low percentage for a book with such a high price tag. The less said the better about the prose in the routine biographies that accompany the pictures. And though the book is sold as the catalogue of the exhibition, many of the artifacts on display are not included in it.

Better to see the show itself. The rest of its schedule:

- Chicago: Nov. 7 to Jan. 31, 1982, at the Chicago Historical Society.
- New York: March 19 to June 27, 1982, at the American Museum of Natural History.

Wherever you see it, you can count on a couple of hours of good fun. END

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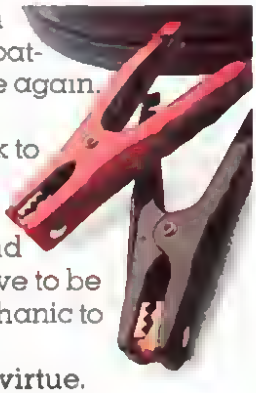
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Sideline

by JOHN V. CHERVOKAS

THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP THAT'S CLOSED TO ALL EXCEPT LITHUANIANS

While dispassionate golf fans wondered whether Fuzzy Zoeller might catch Larry Nelson in the final round of the recent PGA Championship, that same weekend a much more passionate golf crowd watched and waited anxiously to see if Walt Virginski, a perennial runner-up, would finally win his first Lithuanian Open.

The 11th edition of that ethnoclassic was held at the Heather Hill Golf Club in Plainville, Mass. The Open is the brainchild of Victor Babel, a Norwood, Mass. paint dealer, who wanted to prove that Lithuanian athletes weren't just linebackers (Dick Butkus), boxers (Jack Sharkey), tennis players (Vitas Gerulaitis) and midget pinch hitters (Eddie Gaedel).

When Babel inaugurated the not-very-open Open, entrants were required to have either maternal or paternal or, better yet, 100% pure Lithuanian blood coursing through their veins. A few years ago, after delicate negotiations, a handful of non-Lithuanian husbands of Lithuanian wives were grudgingly allowed to participate. Babel died last year, but his enterprising wife, Mickey, and her family have carried on the tradition.

Eighty golfers from as far away as Bellevue, Wash. and Saudi Arabia—no, Shaikh Yamani isn't a Lithuanian; the guy from Arabia was a U.S. consulting firm employee assigned there—teed off on a muggy Sunday, and when Virginski parred the first two holes, it seemed that, at long last, this was going to be his year.

The competition was doggedly tough and steeped in golf tradition. Some entrants sported golf bags two and three generations old. Joe Wilkas attacked the Heather Hill layout with a Jock Hutchinson long iron, a Bobby Jones five-iron and a Spalding driver dated Jan. 26, 1926.

Some seven hours after the first foursome set off (this tournament didn't have penalties for slow play), John Okelevich from Cape Cod was declared the winner. His score: a two-over-par 74. Three shots back was another Cape Codder, Julius Shipalauskas. Although the Shipalauskas clan produced this Open's runner-up, it was still no threat to golf's legendary Turnesa family. Julius' brother John came in with the tournament's highest score—a 146.

Virginski struggled to an 81, good enough for fourth place and some sympathetic pats on the back while he tried to forget his round over heaping platefuls of kielbasa, stuffed cabbage, dill pickles and "kugeli"—a stick-to-your-ribs Lithuanian potato pie.

At the awards ceremonies the optimism of today's Lithuanian golfer was glowingly evident. Frank Cvilikas, undaunted by his 129, proclaimed that Lithuanians will soon rule the golfing world once again. When asked just when the Lithuanians ever did rule the golfing world, Cvilikas, with a wry smile, answered, "When Johnny Goodman won the U.S. Open as an amateur back in 1933 and the U.S. Amateur in 1937." Yes, Johnny Goodman was the son of Lithuanian immigrants. **END**



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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

LUNCH DATE

The winds of change continue to waft through the International Olympic Committee. At its just-concluded meeting in Baden-Baden, West Germany, the 82-member IOC elected its first women members, Pirjo Haggman of Finland and Flor Isava-Fonseca of Venezuela. The IOC also abandoned the notion that Olympic athletes are, like children, meant to be seen but not heard. Sebastian Coe, the Olympic gold medalist who holds world records in the mile, 1,000 and 800 meters, was one of several athletes given the unprecedented opportunity to address the IOC Congress at Baden-Baden, after which IOC President Juan Antonio Samaranch said he had accepted an invitation from Coe to get together in London sometime soon for lunch.

But Samaranch was just trying to be gracious in extravagantly praising as "decisive" a passage in Coe's "wonderful speech" urging the IOC to liberalize its Rule 26 governing Olympic eligibility. Although the IOC proceeded to amend the rule along the lines Coe suggested, the change merely formalized existing realities by officially leaving it to each of the 28 federations that oversee Olympic sports to set, subject to IOC approval, its own rules on amateurism. Such rules already range widely, from those in cycling and skiing, which are professional in all but name, to those in track and field, whose world federation, the IAAF, recently voted to ease restrictions on the payment of endorsement money to athletes but still makes a great pretense of keeping its payola-happy sport amateur.

Any hope for more meaningful reform of Olympic eligibility standards was dashed by officials from Eastern European countries, who resist tampering with a system under which their state-subsidized athletes have been able to flourish. Still, the IOC's willingness to amend Rule 26 was at least symbolically important, signaling that that organization no longer clings so tenaciously to the fiction maintained under Samaranch's predecessors, Avery Brundage and, to a considerably lesser extent, Lord Killanin, that athletes can subscribe to the archaic tenets of pure amateurism and still somehow train and perform at a world-class level. How to go about assuring those athletes the right to earn a living wage without having to demean themselves by resorting to accepting under-the-table payments is something Samaranch and Coe can talk about over lunch.

PLAUDITS & SNUBS

A more discordant note in Baden-Baden was the disfavor in which the U.S. found itself within the Olympic movement because of 1) the organizational snafus and continuing financial difficulties surrounding the 1980 Winter Games in Lake Placid, 2) the U.S.-led boycott of the '80 Summer Games in Moscow and 3) the threat to the 1984 Summer Games in Los Angeles posed by the recent admission to the U.S. of the South African rugby team, the Springboks. The U.S. Olympic Committee was miffed because its president, William Simon, was left off the speakers' list at the IOC Congress, and Lake Placid officials complained that while Sergei Pavlov, organizer of the 1980 Summer Games, was awarded an honorary Olympic silver medal, nobody from Placid was similarly honored.

Considering all the other medals that were handed out in Baden-Baden—officially, medals of The Olympic Order—that did seem like quite an oversight. Pope John Paul II, Norway's King Olav V, the Marquis of Exeter, Lord Killanin and Amadou Mahtar M'Bow, director-general of UNESCO, all received gold medals, while British, French, Italian and Belgian Olympic officials were given silver medals in recognition of their having resisted the Moscow boycott. The only American to receive a medal—bronze—was Anita DeFrantz, a member of the U.S. rowing team at the 1976 Olympics who led an unsuccessful court challenge of Jimmy Carter's decision to boycott the '80 Games and who, invoking the hours she spent on ice-choked rivers training in vain for Moscow, uttered these now historic words: "Carter said 'we' are going to boycott the Olympics. I don't understand the 'we.' Where was he when I was out there freezing my butt off?"

THE GAME WAS A LOCK

This week's Knute Rockne Award for inspirational locker-room oratory goes to Pete Potter, football coach at The McCallie School in Chattanooga, Tenn., in recognition of the heights to which he's evidently capable of lifting his team. After Potter finished giving his boys a pep talk before a recent game against Soddy-Daisy School, they charged out of the locker room, followed by an equally fired-up Assistant Coach Bill Cherry, who paused only long enough to lock the door. In their eagerness to get on with the game, neither the players, Cherry, the team managers nor anybody else realized that Potter was still in the locker room, having made a detour to the bathroom. When Potter found himself locked in, he banged on the door and hollered for help, but to no avail. Peering helplessly through a crack in the door, the frustrated Potter could see the Soddy-Daisy players running toward the field, too.



Out on the gridiron the starting lineups were introduced, the captains met at midfield and the national anthem was played. Only when the McCallie players came to the sideline for final instructions from Potter did anyone realize that the coach was missing. Eventually somebody figured out what had happened, and a team manager was dispatched to rescue Potter, who arrived on the field only after McCallie had received the kickoff and run two plays from scrimmage. Some-

continued

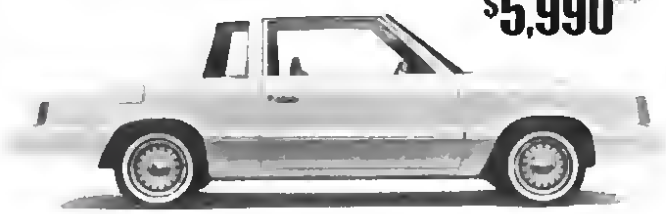
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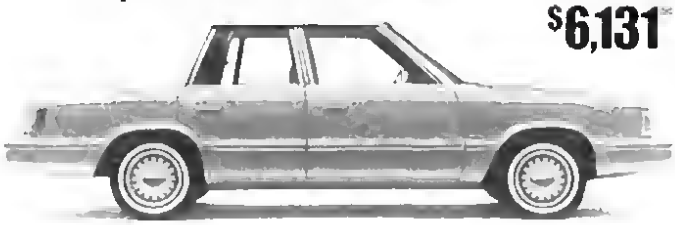
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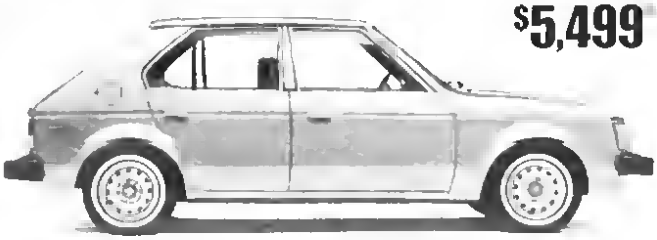
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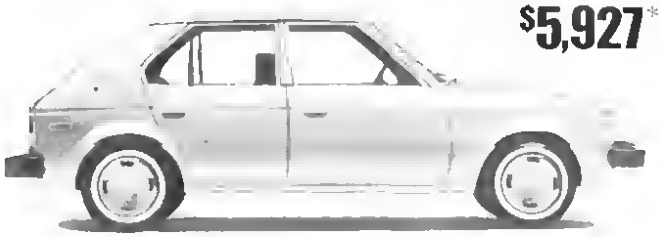
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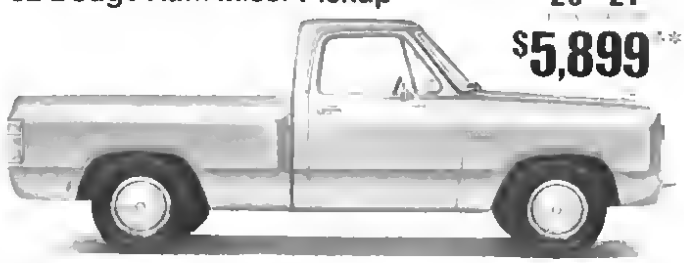
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CHRYSLER
Plymouth

what sheepishly, Potter said, "Now *that*'s a first. I'll guarantee you that."

It was also a last. At halftime, Potter scrupulously refrained from delivering anything remotely resembling a locker-room pep talk, and his players made sure the coach was with them when they returned to the field to put the finishing touches on a 29–12 McCallie victory.

SIC 'EM, REGGIE

This seems to be the perfect time of year to tell you about Reggie Jackson's dog. She's a golden retriever. A friend gave the dog, then a pup, to the Yankee star last year as a Christmas present. Jackson proudly shows off snapshots of her to friends, and when he drives somewhere in his Rolls-Royce or pickup truck, the dog sits next to him in the front seat. Reggie affectionately calls her "Toby" for short. Her full name: Miss October.

BART'S TWO STARS

After mortgaging their future by trading a first-round draft choice, two seconds and Aundra Thompson for Wide Receiver John Jefferson, who led the AFC in receiving yardage last year, the Green Bay Packers couldn't wait to turn the ex-San Diego star loose in tandem with the incumbent Green Bay pass-catching sensation, James Lofton, the NFC's top receiver in 1980. The Packers' new one-two punch was unveiled on Sept. 27 against the Vikings, and while Green Bay Coach Bart Starr couldn't have asked for more from the duo—Jefferson caught seven passes for 121 yards, Lofton eight for 101—the final score left something very much to be desired. Minnesota won 30–13.

Perhaps the Packers shouldn't have been surprised. Last year NFL receivers caught passes for 100 yards or more in a game 125 times, yet their teams were a not-so-hot 65–57–3 in those games. Through this season's first four weeks NFL teams were a sorry 14–25 in games in which they had 100-yard-plus receivers. On the other hand, teams with 100-yard *rushers* were 73–16 last year and are 13–5 in '81. The Dallas Cowboys have proved to be practically unbeatable—with a 20–1 record—in games in which Tony Dorsett has rushed for 100 yards or more. The Steelers are 34–3 in games in which Franco Harris has done likewise.

Of course, there's a chicken-and-egg situation here. A team that's ahead tends to run more, thereby piling up individual rushing yardage totals. A losing team passes more in hopes of catching up. Still, counting on receivers to turn a losing team around appears to be a dubious practice. A year ago the New York Jets gambled by trading away two first-round selections for the right to draft speedy University of Texas Receiver Johnny (Lam) Jones. The thinking was that teaming Jones with All-Pro Wide Receiver Wesley Walker would make the New York offense unstoppable. The Jets had been 8–8 in each of the two seasons preceding that move. They are 5–16 since.

The evidence suggests that the Packers should have sold their souls for a runner, not a receiver.

TRANSFER STUDENT

As the 1981 regular season wound down, Billy Martin missed few opportunities to express his indignation over baseball's split-season playoff format. Sometimes the Oakland manager got carried away on the subject. Fulminating on one occasion against the makeshift playoff arrangements, Martin said, "Whoever devised it isn't a baseball man. It must have been the commissioner's lawyer, some guy from Dartmouth." Suddenly a stricken look flashed across Martin's countenance, and he said, "I mean some guy from Yale." Martin's amended remark may or may not have to do with the fact that A's President Roy Eisenhardt is a Dartmouth man.

STRIKE OUT THE BAND

It was a milestone last season when Army, in urgent need of football opponents it might have hopes of occasionally beating, began playing Ivy League schools for the first time in nearly a quarter of a century. But the upright West Pointers have since found the notoriously cheeky and ofttimes ragtag Ivy marching bands less than congenial. At halftime of a 15–10 loss to Harvard last season, the crowd in West Point's Michie Stadium was scandalized when the Crimson band saluted then-President Carter's decision to send special forces to Angola by forming the word DUMB. Two weeks ago the Cadets beat Brown 23–16 at West Point, but not before the Brown band's announcer intoned, "Last year West Point graduated its first woman cadet. Who knows when they'll graduate their first man." Whereupon the band launched into a rendition of *Macho Man*.

Now West Point is mounting a counteroffensive. The Cadets are scheduled to play host on Oct. 17 to Princeton, whose relatively small band—scarcely bigger than a commando unit—traditionally dresses in Styrofoam boaters and orange plaid blazers and once put on a halftime show in which a formation of bandsmen representing a spermatozoan charged across the field toward another formation representing an ovum. Although nobody knows what excesses the Princetonians might have been saving for the Army game, West Point Athletic Director Carl F. Ullrich, taking no chances, has told Tiger officials that their band, which was only scheduled to make a pregame appearance, won't even be allowed to do that. "I'm an Ivy Leaguer myself, and this hurts," says Ullrich, Cornell '50. "But I will not let our cadets be put down."

Princeton authorities appear inclined to go meekly along with their band's banishment. But then, they've also been trying themselves, with only limited success, to get the band to clean up its act. Although it's hard to condone a great university's acquiescing to censorship under any circumstances, there was a certain rich irony to reports that Army's move "shocked" the Princeton bandsmen, who, over the years, have been the ones accustomed to doing the shocking.

THEY SAID IT

- Donnie Duncan, Iowa State football coach, asked at a press conference following a 28–19 win over Kent State whether he was satisfied with the Cyclones' 3–0 start: "I guess I'd feel better if, after three games, we had four wins."
- Tom Koegel, Notre Dame quarterback, whose coach at Cincinnati's Moeller High, Gerry Faust, is now the Irish coach, denying that Faust had made a practice of steering Moeller players to South Bend: "He never told you to go to Notre Dame. He just kept telling you it was the greatest school in the world. He also whistled the fight song a lot."
- Russ Francis, retired New England Patriot tight end, after interviewing the opposing coaches before going on the air as the colorman in the ABC-TV telecast of The Citadel's 34–20 win over Appalachian State two weeks ago. "All they wanted to talk to me about was how to get the ball to the tight end."
- Gary Fallon, football coach at Washington & Lee, on hearing complaints from some of his players that there was no hot water in their dormitory: "Next thing you know, they'll be asking for soap." **END**

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The stouthearted Mancini was still boring in during

Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 12, 1981

LOWERING THE BOOM BOOM

Lightweight champ Alexis Arguello was too classy, too cunning and too much for 20-year-old Ray Mancini, who may have learned a valuable boxing lesson

by E.M. SWIFT



the 12th round when he ran into the thunderous right cross by Arguello that sent Boom Boom to the canvas for the first time in his 21 professional fights

It was a remarkable scene after what had been a remarkable fight. Alexis Arguello had retained his WBC lightweight championship by knocking out 20-year-old Ray (Boom Boom) Mancini at 1:46 of the 14th round. It was Mancini's first loss in 21 professional bouts. Mancini's lip was cut and his face was puffy, but considering the number of left jabs he had absorbed, Mancini didn't look too bad at the postfight press conference. He started with a little joke: "It would have been a helluvan upset, huh?"

It would have. Arguello is one of six men to have held world championships in three weight classes. At 29, he's at his peak: He's 16–1 in title fights—with 16 wins in a row—and has a 72–4 record. Still, last Saturday afternoon in an overcrowded ballroom in Bally's Park Place Casino Hotel in Atlantic City, Mancini gave Arguello all he could handle.

"I'm just glad it's over," Mancini said. "It takes a lot out of you—these championship fights." It had been a tense, emotional few days, and it showed. "The disappointment's going to hurt longer than these wounds. I wanted to win it for my father. . . ." Mancini's voice cracked, and his eyes filled with tears. "I'm sorry I'm not acting like a professional," he said, trying to smile.

In a few minutes, Arguello arrived. He is a strikingly handsome man, a slim Omar Sharif, but now there was a cut on his left eyelid and a purple crescent beneath it. "It was the best fight so far this year, my friend," he said to Mancini. Then, to the press: "I think my heart is special. But his heart is bigger than I have."

Arguello is a gentleman as well as an

continued



TITLE FIGHTS *continued*

estimable champion, and he knew Mancini's story well—how Mancini wanted to win the championship for his father. Lenny (Boom Boom) Mancini, who was drafted in 1942 before he could fight for the lightweight title and then sustained a shrapnel wound in WW II that ended any hope for a title. The elder Mancini attended Saturday's fight in a wheelchair because he was convalescing from a heart-bypass operation three weeks before. "After the fight I saw Mancini's father," Arguello said, "and I felt bad." Then, as if he needed to explain the thundering right hand that dropped Mancini and obliged Referee Tony Perez to stop the bout, Arguello added, "But it's my job." He sounded apologetic.

Shortly afterward, Mancini excused himself to be with his father, pausing to say, "This isn't the end of the story. This is the standard first chapter. I'll be back. I'm just sorry that . . . sorry for all the people . . ." His voice began to crack again.

Which was when the champion put an arm around Mancini and spoke to him as one would to a younger brother: "You don't have to be sorry. This is a better experience than any fight you've ever had. You'll be better for this." Mancini nodded, and with a roomful of eavesdroppers, Arguello told the kid about *his* first title fight, how he had lost by decision to Ernesto Marcel in February 1974 and had cried afterward, how he now drew on that experience and was a better boxer because of it. This took place about 15 minutes after Arguello had nearly taken Mancini's head off. When the champ was through, Mancini thanked him and everybody clapped. Quite a show.

Arguello was born in Nicaragua, but has lived in Coral Gables, Fla. the past three years because of political strife in his homeland. He held the WBA featherweight title from 1974 to 1976 and the WBC junior lightweight title from 1978 to 1980, and last June he won the WBC lightweight championship from Jim Watt of Scotland. He has designs on Aaron Pryor's WBA junior welterweight title, which would make him the first to win championships in four divisions. He has even talked about moving up two divisions to fight Sugar Ray Leonard for the welterweight crown. "I don't need $10 million or $20 million," he concedes. "Just one million." The $400,000 he made fighting Mancini was his largest purse. "Mancini's strengths are that he's in great shape, he throws a lot of punches, and he's very aggressive," said Eddie Futch, Arguello's trainer, before the fight. "He makes fighters hurry their punches. But it's hard to hurry Arguello. Mancini's never been hit by a fellow that hits as hard as this guy."

The key to the fight, according to both men, was whether Arguello's left jab could keep Mancini from moving inside, where he's most effective. Said Arguello: "I have the equipment to fight him any way he wants, but I know if I get close to him, I'm in trouble."

The other question was whether Mancini, who fights best at a whirlwind pace, would have the stamina to go 15 rounds. "Arguello has won most of his title fights in rounds 10 to 15," Mancini said before the bout. "I'm a 15-round fighter, he's a 10-round fighter." Arguello would explain after the fight. And to his great pain, Mancini was proof of that assertion.

More than 500 fans from Mancini's hometown of Youngstown, Ohio had come to see the fight, and when the judges were announced, the Ohioans booed. Mancini's manager, Dave Wolf, claimed on the morning of the bout that "the fight's fixed—one of the promoters came to me with tears in his eyes, saying, 'The fix is totally on. You've got to win by a knockout, and even then you might get disqualified.'" The WBC had appointed a Nicaraguan judge, an American judge and a Puerto Rican judge. Tony Perez, the referee, is also Puerto Rican. "Three Latins out of four officials—what more do I have to say?" Wolf said, suggesting he might not let Mancini fight. He apologized after the fight. The judging and refereeing were faultless.

Arguello is a notoriously slow starter,



Arguello boomed Mancini with another right in the 14th as referee Perez tried to stop the fight. It was Mancini's final daze

and Mancini, who gave away 7½ inches in reach, was able to move in close early in the fight. Working hooks and uppercuts to the taller—5′ 9″ to 5′ 4½″—Arguello, Mancini led after five rounds on two of the three judges' cards. Arguello kept jabbing, with little effect. Then Futch suggested right uppercuts to the body, and Arguello was able to keep Mancini at bay, winning rounds 7 through 9. Both Futch and Arguello would say later that the body blows were the turning point, although Mancini claimed that none was damaging. "A fighter doesn't feel the pain," Futch says, "but he becomes slower and drops his gloves just enough to open up the head."

After Round 10 one judge had Mancini ahead, one had Arguello and the third had the bout even. Then, at the start of those critical rounds, 11 to 15, Arguello rose to the occasion. "I tried everything I knew to get inside," Mancini said. "He just wouldn't let me."

In Round 12 Arguello went over Mancini's lowered guard with several straight right-hand shots—the last of which Mancini seemed to walk into—and Boom Boom went down, a few seconds before the bell, for the first time in his pro career. Mancini was in trouble throughout the 13th, and his corner nearly threw in the towel. He survived, however, and Wolf asked him between rounds how he felt. "I want to finish," Mancini said. He rushed out gamely for Round 14 and tried again to get inside, but Arguello finally caught him with two left hooks and, as Perez rushed to stop it, that final, devastating right to end the fight.

Afterward, Mancini's mother, Ellen, recalled the scene in the locker room when Boom Boom laid his head on his father's shoulder and cried in disappointment. "He told him, 'Daddy, I didn't bring it to you like I wanted to,' " she said. "Lenny was very calm and comforting. He told him, 'That's O.K., you're still our champ.' " Then she remembered what Arguello had said about how the loss would make Mancini a better fighter. It was small comfort. "You know?" she said, "I wish Alexis would move up to that other division now."

She speaks for a lot of lightweights.

ONE GORING, ONE BORING

by PAT PUTNAM

One of last Saturday night's title fights at The Horizon in the Chicago suburb of Rosemont resembled bayonet practice at Parris Island. The other was, in effect, a 15-round footrace that went to the slowest. Marvin Hagler was the bayonet, and when he had finished slashing up Mustafa Hamsho at 2:09 of the 11th round, he was $1 million richer and still the world's only middleweight champion. Mike Weaver, trim at 215 but rusty after a year's layoff, plodded to a unanimous decision over James (Quick) Tillis, who fought as though he were in the Boston Marathon. In his second defense of the WBA heavyweight title, Weaver worked about 13 minutes longer than Hagler did but was paid $250,000 less.

Early Sunday morning Hagler sat on a hotel-room bed and reviewed his performance. He had just come from a hospital where five stitches had closed a deep slice above his right eye. The cut had come from a clash of heads in the second round. The bandages over the eye were partly concealed by sunglasses and a black hat pulled low.

When Hagler had left the hospital, the doctors were still working over Hamsho, who, until his trainer, Al Braverman, jumped into the ring to stop the fight, looked as though he would run out of blood before he ran out of heart. He was badly cut under both brows: Each wound

continued

was at least two inches long and half an inch wide. There was another slice under his left eye. He didn't win a round from any of the three officials.

Hagler smiled without warmth. "There was no love lost in this fight," he said. "It went exactly as we planned: Keep him in the center of the ring, pick my shots and make him look like an amateur."

Hamsho, who was born in Syria, is a street brawler. "I'll tell you what kind of style he has," Braverman said before the bout. "He's got no style. He just wades in, throwing punches from any angle." On such assaults Hamsho takes with him an iron jaw and unslacking courage, attributes that had helped him win all but one of his 34 fights and moved him up to No. 1 contender and a $200,000 shot against Hagler.

It was like sending a pit bull against a machine gun. "He can't fight a lick," said Goody Petronelli, who, with his brother, Pat, manages and trains Hagler. "The only thing we're worried about is his head, which he uses like a billygoat, and his shots below the belt."

Very early in the first round, Hagler introduced Hamsho to the evening's fare: two crackling jabs that almost snapped the challenger's head off at the neck. Hagler's jabs are a combination of jackhammer and straight razor. In the next round Hamsho introduced Hagler to the top of Hamsho's head. The champion went back to his corner with blood streaming from the cut over his eye. He sat calmly while Goody worked on the cut. "I've been there before," Hagler would say later, "Goody's the best cut man in the world. He does his job and I do mine."

While performing his ministrations, Goody also persuaded Hagler to change strategy slightly: "Keep moving and jabbing. Tire him out. Don't throw anything else unless you got a good spot."

Hagler found a good spot nine seconds into the second round, nailing Hamsho with a straight right. Snarling, Hamsho fired back with both hands. He enjoys his work. His punches come like buckshot; a lot miss, but those that land sting.

In the third Hagler ripped open Hamsho's right eye but didn't slow him down. Late in the round Hamsho twice stuck his tongue out at the champion. Both licks missed.

The area below Hamsho's left eye was torn open in the fourth. After about a minute of the round, Referee Octavio Meyran of Mexico stopped the fight and asked the two ring doctors to look at Hamsho's cuts. "Why two doctors?" Braverman yelled. "The other guy is cut, too. Send one of the doctors over to look at him. At least give us half a chance."

Hamsho passed the physical, but the pattern was set. Hagler is a relentless sharpshooter. By the sixth round Hamsho had dropped all pretense of boxing and was walking straight in, taking an awful beating, trying to land the one big punch. With blood streaming down his face onto his chest, he was rocked again and again, only to laugh at the beating and go in for more.

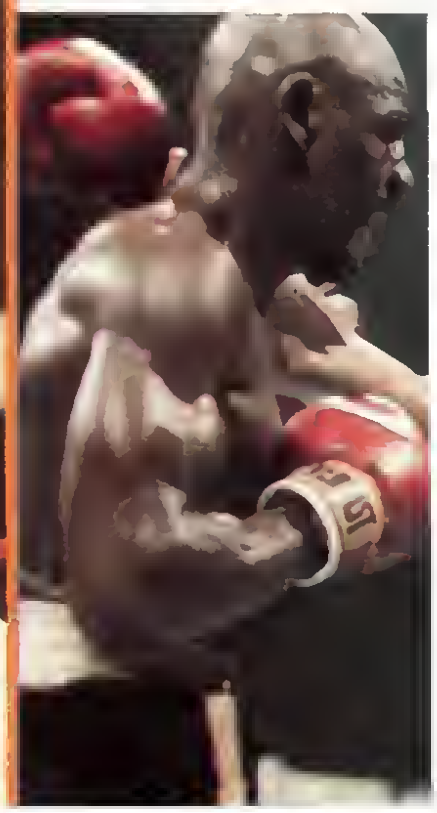
"I don't know what his corner was waiting for," Hagler said later. "The meat from his eyes was hanging down. But I can't let that bother me. I just have to think better him than me."

After the 10th round, Meyran told Braverman he would permit Hamsho just one more round. Braverman nodded and told Hamsho, "This is your last shot."

Hagler came out firing. "I didn't want him stopped on cuts," he said. "I wanted him out." Hamsho tried gamely to fight back. In his corner, Patty Flood, Hamsho's manager, said to Braverman, "He's had enough. We've got to stop it."

Braverman started up the steps into the ring. Hagler fired four straight hooks and then a string of hooks and crosses as Braverman, a big man, struggled to get between the ropes. Finally he made it into the ring. Two





Throughout Hagler's nonstop, 11-round barrage, Hamsho kept coming on. He didn't win a round, but he did take the battle of the stitches, 55–5.

seconds later Meyran took Hamsho into protective custody.

In the dressing room, Braverman tried to clean up the cuts. "Butts," he said. "But I believe they were accidental butts. This one, stitches. That one, stitches. This one, maybe stitches. How many? A lot."

Flood studied the ruined face. "I know guys get 200 stitches after a bar fight and don't make a quarter," he said. "At least we get 200 grand for this."

No one seemed cheered by the thought of Hamsho's 55 stitches.

On the officials' cards, where Hamsho had lost a point in the third round for butting, Meyran had Hagler ahead by seven points; judge Michael Glienna put him up by nine, and judge Al Tremari, who scored four rounds 10–8, had him winning by 15. "I got to admit," Flood said, "I knew Hagler was a great puncher and he was strong, but I didn't know he was such a beautiful boxer."

There was nothing beautiful about the heavyweight match, which was part of the package for which Home Box Office, the pay TV outfit, had forked over $3 million to show live. Saturday night NBC, which paid about 1/30th that much, will show the fights in a delayed telecast. If you like horror movies, watch the middleweights. If you are having trouble sleeping, tune in the heavies.

The heavyweight bout was *ordered* by the WBA after Weaver decided he'd rather fight Gerry Cooney for $2 million than Tillis for $1 million. Cooney was the No. 1 contender. No matter. When the smoke from the WBA's edict and four or five suits had cleared, there was Weaver, now making only $750,000, in with Tillis, the No. 3 contender.



This is a rare photograph of Weaver and Tillis actually throwing some punches simultaneously



Tillis, a light hitter who came under the tutelage of Angelo Dundee last January, was expected to come out dancing and jabbing. Instead, he came out in full retreat. Rather than jotting down points after each round, the officials should have recorded his splits. All he needed in his corner was starting blocks.

Weaver, a notoriously slow starter, hadn't fought since stopping Gerrie Coetzee last Oct. 25. Weaver was in good shape, but the long layoff had slowed his timing. At first he pursued his fleeing challenger at a leisurely pace. Then he slowed down. By the seventh round, which was sort of a cease-fire between truces, the crowd had begun to boo.

In the ninth, Tillis stood and fought, but then Weaver cocked his devastating left. Tillis fled at the sight of it and hit the quarter pole in 0:24 and change.

In Weaver's corner before Round 10, his manager, Don Manuel, was urging him to step up the pace. "Throw more combinations," he said. "Press him more. Step to the right and throw a right. Hell, step to the right and throw a hook."

In the 11th, Weaver came roaring out at a fast shuffle. He hooked Tillis to the body, crossed with a right and unloaded two more hooks. Stung, Tillis answered with a quick combination and was gone. Then Weaver seemed to lose interest.

The pace was beginning to tell on Tillis, the 24-year-old cowboy who came in with a 20–0 record against folks like Roughhouse Fischer and Domingo D'Elia. His mouth was open and he was sucking deep for air. Weaver began getting to him, but never with a solid shot—largely because when Tillis wasn't running, he was now grabbing. Whenever Weaver got too close, Tillis hugged him like a brother. Late in the 13th, after Tillis had wrapped Weaver in an embrace, Referee Stanley Christodoulou stepped in to break it up. Tillis hugged him, too.

. Mercifully, the fight only lasted 15 rounds. All three officials favored the champion: Christodoulou, 146–142; judge Rogelio Perez, 147–142; judge Ismael Fernandez, 145–143.

Tillis thought Fernandez was closest to being correct. "I thought I had won at least 11 rounds," he said. "I outhit him three or four to one. I guess the judges couldn't see too good tonight."

Still, he made $250,000. Which isn't bad for a guy who didn't even need one stitch. Come to think of it, he might have gotten one stitch—in his side. **END**

A TERRIBLE LOSS, BUT NOT A LOST CAUSE

Stunned by an injury to star runner Kelvin Bryant, North Carolina relied on new heroes to beat Georgia Tech and stay undefeated **by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

With 2:57 left to play in a drowsy, scoreless first quarter, North Carolina Tailback Kelvin Bryant, the alpha and omega of the undefeated Tar Heels' offense, erupted through the right side of the Georgia Tech line last Saturday in Atlanta. Whoosh, glide, see you later. He gained 13 yards so smoothly that up in the stands of Grant Field the parallels between Bryant's graceful style and that of Gale Sayers were being drawn again.

Then, on the next play, a sprint draw right with Fullback Alan Burrus nailing a linebacker to clear the way, Bryant elegantly flowed upfield for 27 more yards. Surely he was on the way to another big scoring day; after all, this was just North Carolina's fourth game, and already he had 15 touchdowns—and the major-college record for a *season*, held by Penn State's Lydell Mitchell, is 29. Oh my, yes, this lad is special. No wonder that, as the Tar Heels entered the Tech game, they were ranked fourth by SI.

But, suddenly, there was Bryant struggling off the field, dragging his left leg after taking a hard, twisting hit on the outside of his knee, and the Georgia Tech fans, who had already seen their Yellow Jackets upset Alabama, were cheering the prospect of dumping another Top 10 team. Three plays later, after Carolina had stalled and given up the ball, the offense repaired to the sideline where Bryant sat with his leg propped up on the bench, an ice pack on his knee. It was originally announced that he had a bruise, but anybody who knows Bryant knows bruises don't sit him down. Bryant, who had five carries for 46 yards, obviously was hurt badly. "I'm a little disappointed," he said softly.

A little? Bryant, a 21-year-old junior from Tarboro, N.C., already has been lionized by Tar Heel fans, and he admits he's a little uneasy with all the attention. It came so suddenly, after two seasons of playing in the shadow of Famous Amos Lawrence, now with the 49ers. As Bryant sat in his sparsely decorated dorm room one night last week, he acknowledged his new responsibilities, saying, "I know if I get hurt, I'll let the team down. That would be the worst thing."

But beyond the dispirited Bryant, how about dispirited Carolina? A season that had started with so much promise surely had, on the first weekend of October, ended in pain. Down the drain. So long, Tar Heels, see you in the Bottom 10.

Wrong! For as the afternoon progressed, North Carolina showed that, with Bryant or without him, it's a team bordering on terrific. Gil Brandt, the director of personnel development for the Dallas Cowboys, who had come to Atlanta to take a close look at Bryant, said at game's end, "This is an impressive football team."

Indeed, don't write the Tar Heels' obituary yet just because of serious illness in the family. That Carolina went on to wreck Tech 28–7 isn't final proof that the Heels can survive indefinitely without Bryant. It is, however, a good start in that direction. North Carolina's young defense—only four seniors—seemingly gets a year tougher each week. And the offense, quarterbacked by Rod Elkins, be-



Bryant, who had 15 TDs in three games, lies in pain on the sideline as his knee is examined

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY RUBIO



Quarterback Elkins ran for one TD and threw for another

heves in itself. There are those who say what the Tar Heels really believed in was Bryant, but that may not be true. Coach Dick Crum, it turns out, has molded a team that has depth, talent and, you better believe it, resolve.

Shortly after Bryant was hurt, Burrus ran over and said to him on the sideline, "Hey, when are you coming back in?"

"I'm not."

"In that case we'll just win without you," responded Burrus.

And that the Tar Heels did, in a manner that should have eased Bryant's fears about letting his team down. With 3:47 to go in the second quarter, Elkins faked beautifully to the left, kept the ball on a naked bootleg around right end and raced clear for 15 yards before ducking his head and bulling for four more, down to the Tech one. Following a penalty, Tyrone Anthony, the third-string tailback, blasted in from six yards out.

After the Yellow Jackets tied the score early in the third quarter, a pass-interference call again gave Carolina the ball on the Tech one, whence Elkins bolted in. And moments later, Tar Heel Strong Safety Bill Jackson pounced on a Tech fumble, and it took Elkins just two passes to cover the 31 yards for a score—the touchdown toss being hauled in by Anthony, who said, "I didn't really think I'd play today, but the coaches tell us always to be ready, so I was ready."

North Carolina got its final score midway in the fourth quarter when Elkins hit Burrus, who had drifted out to the left flat, with a pass. Burrus then streaked 34 yards down the sideline, juking by one potential tackler and breaking out of the grasp of another, as he barged to the one. On the next play, his substitute, James Jones, punched over for the TD.

It was fitting that Burrus, a junior who carried 18 times for 81 yards, got his moment in the sun, because he generally sacrifices his body to block for Bryant. He's good natured about his usual subordinate role, saying, "Oh, I have a choice—I can either block or not play. And I have a fear of not playing. What I like most about blocking for Kelvin is I can block poorly and he still makes me look good."

But Saturday, it fell to Burrus to look good all on his own. "Alan did a very good job in taking up the slack," said Crum. Further, Burrus was the leader in making sure the Tarheels didn't fall to pieces after Bryant's injury. That he was an unlikely hero made those accomplishments even more delightful.

Recruiters had not flocked to Burrus' Shelby, N.C. home, and even when former Tar Heel Coach Bill Dooley signed him up, Burrus knew that he wasn't exactly the No. 1 Tar Heel recruiting coup of 1978. Dooley said, "Congratulations, Chuck, you've made a wise decision." Then Dooley gave Chuck, er, Alan, the pen they had used to sign the letter of intent, but, says Burrus, "When I tried to use it to sign autographs, it ran out of ink." From this unprepossessing beginning, things got worse. Burrus was tackling fodder as a freshman. In North Carolina's 17–15 Gator Bowl win over Michigan at the end of his sophomore season, he broke his right thumb. Along the way he also sustained two stress fractures in his right foot and one in his left. Then he missed the 1980 season with a hamstring pull. Finally, last spring, Burrus tried to hoist 315 pounds in the weight room but dropped the bar on his head, breaking three neck vertebrae. Now he's fine—if you don't count the broken big toe on his left foot. Burrus doesn't.

All of which can make a guy a little weird. Which might explain why Burrus just up and took a wandering seven-week, 700-mile bicycle trip from Salt Lake City to Billings, Mont. this summer. "I got to thinking," says Burrus, "that 50 years from now, if I just worked, what would I remember about the summer of '81?" Now he has memories, and says, "I found out this country is a good place. People helped me; they cooked for me; they invited me to sleep in their backyards and living rooms." He plans a trip to Brazil this summer where he'll go hunting.

Which is what the North Carolina football team may feel like it's doing as it faces life without Bryant. On Sunday morning, orthopedist Timothy Taft operated on Bryant for 2½ hours in Chapel Hill after finding knee cartilage torn in two places. That in itself might have kept Bryant down only a couple of weeks, but the more dire discovery was that there was ligament damage, too, which will slow his recovery. Taft considers it "unlikely" that Bryant will play again this year, but "maybe he'll fool me."

Ironically, in 1980, Crum had two superior, healthy tailbacks, Lawrence and Bryant. While the coach got high marks for his diplomatic handling of that situation, so, too, did Bryant, who played second fiddle with no squeaks. Lawrence rushed for 1,118 yards, but Bryant rushed for 1,039 yards on 52 fewer carries. His problem in getting headlines may have been that Kelvin rhymes only with Elvin, Delvin and Melvin.

Which may be a good omen, seeing as Burrus rhymes with nothing. He may have to become more famous than either Amos or Kelvin if North Carolina, which seems talented enough to finish in the Top 20 even without an outstanding runner, is to match its most successful season ever, 1948, when the Tar Heels finished third in the polls. END

MILWAUKEE SPELLS RELIEF R-O-L-L-I-E

After 11 seasons of frustration and failure, the Brewers won their first playoff berth as bullpen ace Rollie Fingers shut off the Detroit Tigers **by STEVE WULF**



Simmons gave Fingers the chum's rush after he retired the last batter to win the second-season crown



Lou Whitaker flailed away at a fastball, and Rollie Fingers punched the air once, twice, and then turned to see all 205 pounds of Ted Simmons, his catcher, rushing toward him, ready to pounce. "I hope he's not as heavy as he looks," Fingers thought.

"He danced me around like a child," said Simmons. "Like a little child. And all the time he kept saying in my ear, 'I love you, I love you.' " Before Simmons had a chance to return the compliment, the rest of the Brewers had wrapped themselves around him and Fingers.

Ted Simmons loves you, Rollie Fingers. All the Brewers love you. Harry Dalton loves you, Bud Selig loves you, Milwaukee loves you. They love you because you danced all of them around like a child. When Whitaker flailed at that fastball, away went the years of frustration, the pain of the strike and the Tigers of Detroit. Said Centerfielder Gorman Thomas, "At that moment, it was like being able to watch a flower pop open."

The Brewers defeated the Tigers 2–1 last Saturday to clinch the so-called second-season title in the American League East and send them into the quarterfinal playoff of this strange year. When the Brewers scored two runs in their half of the eighth to go ahead, Milwaukee County Stadium organist Frank Charles played the "Yanks are coming" refrain from *Over There*, the Yankees being Milwaukee's opponent in this week's best-of-five intradivision series. Charles wasn't being brash because Fingers had already entered the game to get the last out in the Tigers' eighth. In the top of the ninth, he induced Rick Leach to fly out to left and then struck out pinch hitter Champ Summers as well as Whitaker.

County Stadium became a bananas republic. The True Blue Brew Crew rushed out onto the field from the leftfield bleachers, while the rest of the 28,330 fans, also ignoring a plea in Friday's *Milwaukee Journal* to boycott the game, gave the team several curtain calls. In

some quarters, the second-season championship rates Champale, but the Brewer clubhouse was awash in champagne for the first time in 12 years.

This was a very happy ending for a city that earlier in the week had raised the question: What if they gave a tight division race and nobody came? A crucial three-game series with the Boston Red Sox had drawn a grand total of 35,460. In the meantime, the fans in Detroit were coming out strong for the Tigers' three games with Baltimore: 73,958.

The teams, however, gave performances in contrast to those of their fans. The Tigers lost two of three to the Orioles. The Brewers won two of three from the Red Sox to effectively eliminate both Boston and Baltimore, and they faced the Tigers with a half-game lead.

On Friday, the evening *Journal* ran an editorial by Assistant Sports Editor Pete Etzel calling for the boycott in protest of the recent strike. "Now is not the time for disgruntled baseball fans to give in," wrote Etzel. "Now is not the time to return to County Stadium. Now is the time, more than ever, to boycott major league baseball."

The editorial was a big topic of conversation at the stadium Friday evening. "I was very disappointed when I read that," said Selig, the Brewer president. "I remember the five years of despair and loneliness when we didn't have a team and I was in every hotel lobby in America trying to get one back."

Selig succeeded, though for a long time it hardly seemed worth the effort. Between their debut in Milwaukee, in 1970, and 1978, the Brewers finished an average of 28 games out of first place. Dalton arrived as the general manager on Nov. 20, 1977, and in that off-season he acquired Ben Oglivie from the Tigers and reacquired Gorman Thomas from the Rangers. They now comprise one of the best power tandems in baseball.

Still, there were a few pieces missing, like a relief pitcher. So last winter Dalton gambled away some of the Brewers' future to get his man. From St. Louis he acquired Fingers, Simmons and Righthander Pete Vuckovich, and in the 2–1 victory that gave Milwaukee the half-pennant, they were all heroes. Vuckovich, the starting pitcher, held the Tigers to one run in 6⅔ innings, Simmons drove in the tying run, and Fingers got his sixth win of the year to go with his 28 saves.

Fingers was truly amazing in this, the 10th season of his handlebar mustache and the 13th of his big league career. He won or saved 55% of the Brewers' victories, and in the second half he was involved in an amazing 21 of their 31 wins and 13 of their last 15. His ERA in the second season was 0.72; it was 1.04 for the year.

Fingers himself is a little taken aback by his success. "This is the best year of my career, but I should have been doing this when I was 25, not 35," he says. "Maybe I get better with age. Maybe I'll be better next year. I doubt it."

Two years ago with San Diego, Fingers started experimenting with a forkball, but it wasn't until this season that he mastered it. The ball breaks down and in toward righthanders, down and away from lefthanders. He throws it about 33% of the time, mixing it in with his estimable slider and fastball.

Vuckovich and Simmons weren't too shabby, either. Cool Hand Vuke was 14–4; Simmons batted a disappointing .216, but he hit 14 homers and drove in a healthy 61 runs.

A crowd of 23,540 braved the 44° temperature on Friday night to cheer the Brewers. The Tigers knew they were in for a rough time when their bus broke down on the way to the ball park. In the second inning Oglivie drove a Dan Petry fastball deep into the rightfield stands to give the Brewers a 2–0 lead. Meanwhile, starter Moose Haas, who didn't give up a hit until the fifth, had the Tigers under control. Haas, a licensed locksmith, found a new key a few weeks ago when he started using a split-fingered fastball. He allowed only five hits and two runs and struck out eight as the Brewers took the opener 8–2. More important, he gave Fingers the night off. With Vuckovich and Jack Morris pitching on Saturday, the wind blowing in and the shadows creeping between the mound and the plate, there wasn't going to be much scoring. The Tigers struck first in the sixth. Kirk Gibson singled, advanced to second on a ground ball, to third on an infield single and home on another grounder.

Just as it seemed the Brewers would have to try again on Sunday, they loaded the bases on a walk and two botched bunts in the eighth. Simmons then hit into a force that tied the game at 1–1 and moved the runners up. Thomas followed with a sacrifice fly to right center to put the Brewers ahead. They had hardly touched Morris, but they beat him.

"As soon as Fingers struck out Whitaker, I wept like a baby," said Selig. "I tried to stand up, but my legs were shaking so much, I fell down. When the players came out of the dugout and waved at me, I wept again."

Inside the clubhouse, the Brewers, never having done it before, decided to overdo the celebration. Vuckovich and Simmons carried Selig through the clubhouse and dumped him in the whirlpool. Thomas made sure nobody was dry. The air was sprayed with champagne, shaving cream and spare-rib bones. Everybody had a cigar and a bottle.

"I've had wedding champagne, baby champagne, birthday champagne, but this is the best," said Simmons, taking a swig from a bottle of Taylor's New York State Extra Dry. "I've waited a long time for this kind of action, and I like it." END



Would-be base stealer Kemp and his Tiger teammates were down and out after Saturday's defeat.

NEW NAMES BUT STILL NO NAMES

Miami Coach Don Shula is up to old tricks, molding a bunch of unknowns into the only unbeaten team in the AFC

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

Don Shula is having fun again, and you know what that means. It means nobody else is going to have as much. Here's Don now, having fun with David and Andra and Tommy and Eric and Nat and Old Don and the various other pledges and pickups on the Miami Dolphins' No-Name Offense. You'll remember that the last time Don was having fun it was the defense that everybody called No-Name. Either way it works the same. When Don is having fun they all get names sooner or later. See Andra and David and the others run over the Cardinals. See them run over the Steelers, Oilers and Colts. See them tie the New York Jets last Sunday 28–28. (Well, hell. After six straight losses to the Jets, even that's progress.) See the 4–0–1 Dolphins emerge after five weeks as the only undefeated team in the American Football Conference. The last time they were undefeated after five games, the Dolphins went 17–0, including the 1973 Super Bowl. Fun, Don, fun.

As breathtaking as the tie with the Jets was—it went into the night and through a hairy overtime in the Orange Bowl and wasn't sealed until the Jets' Pat Leahy missed, rather profoundly, a 48-yard field goal on the final play—you would be within reason to wonder what there is to get so excited over.

Not much, perhaps. The Dolphins, after all, were 8–8 last year and at the start of this season were believed to be still on the grease rack undergoing an overhaul. Surely a hungry Dolphin fan shouldn't derive too much nourishment from a game in which a lowly opponent, the 1–3 Jets, ran for 242 yards, gained 546 overall, the second-highest total by an opponent in Dolphin history, and

When Woodley got hurt late in the first quarter, relief pitcher Strock came off the bench and completed 18 of 29 passes for 279 yards and two touchdowns



made 32 first downs, the *first*-highest total in that category.

But there's a little for that beleaguered fan to take heart from when one assesses the way the Dolphins played the previous four weeks and realizes the progress they've made so quickly, especially on offense. Too, the Jets' 6½-game mastery of Shula's teams makes absolutely no sense whatsoever, so why worry about it? As Shula said afterward, a tie in this case is "a step in the right direction." He says the riddle is not so much why the Jets beat the Dolphins as why they don't beat anybody else

And that fan can draw a lot of hope from the fact that the *vu* from where the Dolphins sit is mostly *déjà*. Shula doing what comes naturally. Shula once more not willing to wait his turn to win. Shula winning. The NFL Coach of the Decade of the 1970s is 51 now in this, his 12th season in Miami. His middle-age jaw is still granite, but his midriff is more roll than rock and his hair is turning. "Look, gray!" he said in his office last week, twisting a tuft of sideburn as if he could have willed it to stay blond if he'd caught it in time. But he still knows the formula. He invented it.

Here's the way it works. Shula lumps together a bunch of guys you never heard of, rookies like running backs Andra Franklin and Tommy Vigorito, who started against the Jets in place of a couple of injured backs you probably never heard of either. He mixes them in with a second-year quarterback, David Woodley, whom you will be hearing about more and more (in this story and others), and older guys you thought had retired. Like Nat Moore, the butternut-smooth wide receiver whose "decline" was said to be "official" by no less an authority than last week's *Dolphin Digest*, but who, in this wasted condition, proceeded to get a team-record 210 yards in receptions against the Jets. And Don Strock, the long reliever who used to spell Bob Griese but now picks up the pieces for Woodley, and who was on the throwing end of all the mad bombs to Moore last Sunday.

Then Shula rummages through the trash bins of the other NFL teams and adds a few more.

Then he coaches like mad.

And—presto!—the 82nd Airborne

And every time one no-name goes down, Shula plugs in another, and the Dolphins win, and everybody says, "Who *are* those guys?"

The difference is that back in the early '70s everybody knew who Griese was, and who Larry Csonka was, and who most of the other guys on the offense were; it was the Dolphins on defense nobody knew. Now it's the No-Name Offense, and what an offense it will surely be, if it can just stop throwing rods and blowing head gaskets. It's either going to make a new man of Shula, who, says Woodley, is "really having fun with it," or a nervous wreck of him.

Actually, it all started early last year, about the time Griese was *continued*



Moore, who had had only five catches all year, got seven on Sunday for a Dolphin record 210 yards



Franklin reminds Shula of Csonka because he hurts opponents when he runs and rarely fumbles



Woodley's day came to a smashing conclusion

Todd went over the top for four Jet touchdowns



sidelined by a shoulder injury that ultimately led to his retirement and rookie Woodley took over. Woodley's start was, to put it kindly, an inauspicious one. Five straight quarters without a point. But for "the best pure athlete I've ever had at quarterback," Shula was willing to be patient. Even then he began to restructure his offense to accommodate Woodley's mobility and running skills.

Woodley slipped into the hot seat as if he had an ice bag for a rear end. Shula always talks about Woodley's "exceptional intelligence"—the "third ingredient" that sets him apart, along with his "exceptional" mobility and what Assistant Head Coach Bill Arnsparger calls "the kind of throwing arm you see in camp once in 10 years"—but it's his unflappable demeanor that's most impressive. His teammates used to call him "Woodstock" for the disheveled appearance he favored—frazzled hair, faded jeans—and kidded him about his "Salvation Army wardrobe." The best he ever looked, they say, was when he borrowed Safety Mike Kozlowski's clothes for the team banquet held this past May. In truth, Woodley is erect, handsome and blue-eyed, but his natural reticence adds to his image of being kind of disconnected. And, as a conversationalist, you might call him phlegmatic.

Q.: "I understand you bought a new house, David. Where is it?"

A.: "In Broward County."

Q.: "Could you be just a little more specific?"

A.: "Yeah, well, it's north of here. It's not far."

Woodley got married last June. He might be the only man alive who would say his marriage didn't change anything. He says he still just mostly "hangs around." He watches television.

Q.: "Is that all you do?"

A.: "I read."

Q.: "What do you read?"

A.: "Books."

Over the last seven games of the 1980 season, the Dolphins averaged more than 330 yards a game in total offense—a figure camouflaged by the fact that they still finished 26th in the league in yardage. In the off-season, Shula completed the transformation, altering the offense by "about 10%" to include more "Woodleys": rollouts, sprintouts, etc. Of course, whenever Woodley is in there, the 10% magnifies to 30% or more, because those are the tools peculiar to his ability; in the hands of a drop-back, stationary quarterback like Strock, Woodleys are of little use.

Shula himself calls the plays for Woodley, something he hasn't done since he used to have fun with Tom Matte, a converted halfback, subbing at quarterback for John Unitas and Earl Morrall in Baltimore in the '60s. Woodley doesn't mind—he thinks his time will come, but "it's a long way down the road." He also thinks the play-calling is in especially good hands because Griese is up there in the press box with Offensive Coach Wally English, phoning down suggestions for Shula to pick through. If you can remember how smart Griese was at field level at a modest 6′ 1″, says Dolphin Publicist Bob Kearney, you can imagine how much smarter he is "now that he's 55 feet tall."

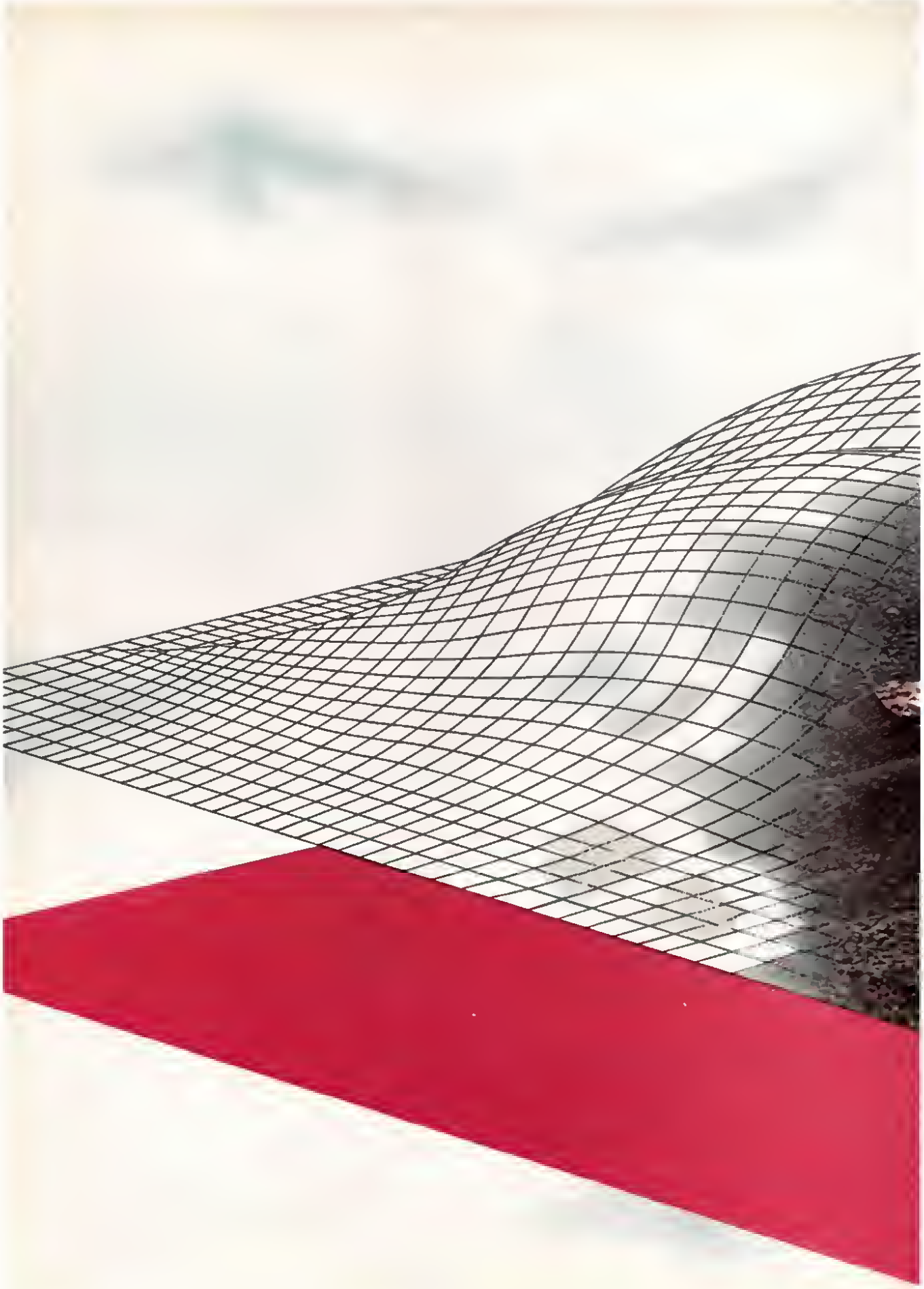
The week before the Jets game, Woodley had his best day as a professional: passing for 309 yards and two touchdowns in a 31–28 victory over the Colts. It was doubly sweet for Shula because the week before *that* he had had to yank an ineffective Woodley in favor of Strock in the second half against Houston. "The best thing about it was David didn't sulk," says Shula. "He just went to work." "Going to work" is a Shula antidote for just about everything that ails anything. The reason the Dolphins are doing so well now, says Shula, is that all 45 of them "went to work," contributing, "taking up the slack for each other."

There was considerable slack to be taken up against the Jets because the Dolphins had to tool up for the game with parts strewn all over the garage. Vigorito, a 197-pound whiz kid from Virginia—who, Guard Bob Kuechenberg says, "has the fastest white feet I ever saw"—was subbing for Tony Nathan; Franklin, the "best blocking back to come out of the 1981 draft," according to a Dolphin personnel man, had taken over at fullback for Woody Bennett. Vigortto said it wasn't hard to fit right in because with Shula "you gain confidence quickly. You don't feel he's *above* you so much as he's *with* you." He said that he looked up at mass one morning and there was Shula, being "with him." In the flesh? Of course.

Franklin, meanwhile, had run for 76

continued


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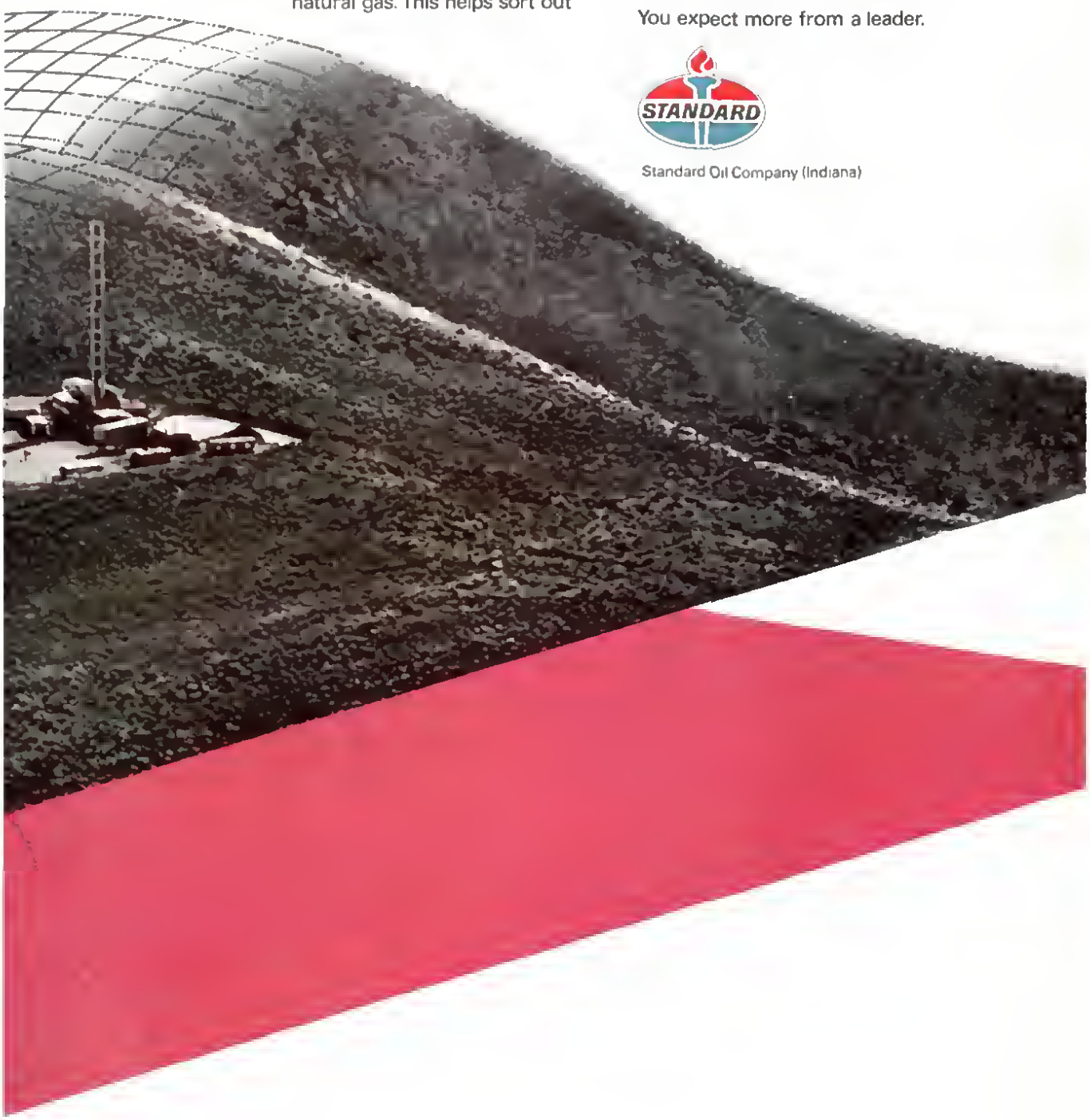
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yards against the Colts and Shula was beginning to liken him to Csonka. Except that Franklin is shorter than Csonka. And smaller. And faster. And much darker. Then why does he remind Shula of Csonka? Well, for one thing, at 5′ 10″, 225 pounds he hurts the people who try to tackle him; for another, in four years at Nebraska he fumbled a grand total of three times. For Shula, that made him a three-time All-America. Shula hates fumblers.

The game plan for the Jets revolved around Woodley (who else?) and was predicated on his being able to neutralize the pass rush of defensive ends Mark Gastineau and Joe Klecko. The Dolphins had got a snootful of those two before; Shula said one was the best, and the other was better, and please don't ask which is which. Gastineau, in particular, had haunted Miami Tackle Eric Laakso, one of Shula's "quiet" developments in the last couple of years. Last season when the Dolphins met the Jets, Gastineau treated Laakso like an open window. "It wasn't so bad the second time," Laakso said, "but it wasn't so good, either."

The first quarter was 15 minutes of hell for the Dolphin defense. The Jets averaged 14.3 yards per play the first 10 times they snapped the ball, and in two possessions Quarterback Richard Todd completed six of six passes for 124 yards and two touchdowns. In between, however, the Dolphins got a fumble recovery, and on first down at the Jets' 28 Woodley sprang the option, running right. "We'll use it early," he had said beforehand, "and if they don't pick it up we'll use it again." For Gastineau and Greg Buttle, the linebacker on that side, the play must have looked as if it was drawn up on Mars, because by the time they reacted Woodley was by them on his way to the Jets' three, a 25-yard gain and the longest Dolphin run of the day. Franklin scored from one yard out two plays later to tie it at 7–7.

But later in the period, with the Dolphins trailing 14–7, Gastineau and Klecko put their act together—and Woodley out of the game. Arriving at the corners of his anatomy simultaneously, just as he released a pass, they made an impact that could be heard to the 40th row. Shula was still screaming at the officials—charging a late hit—when Woodley was helped from the field. Locker-room X rays showed nothing broken, but he was too badly bruised to return.

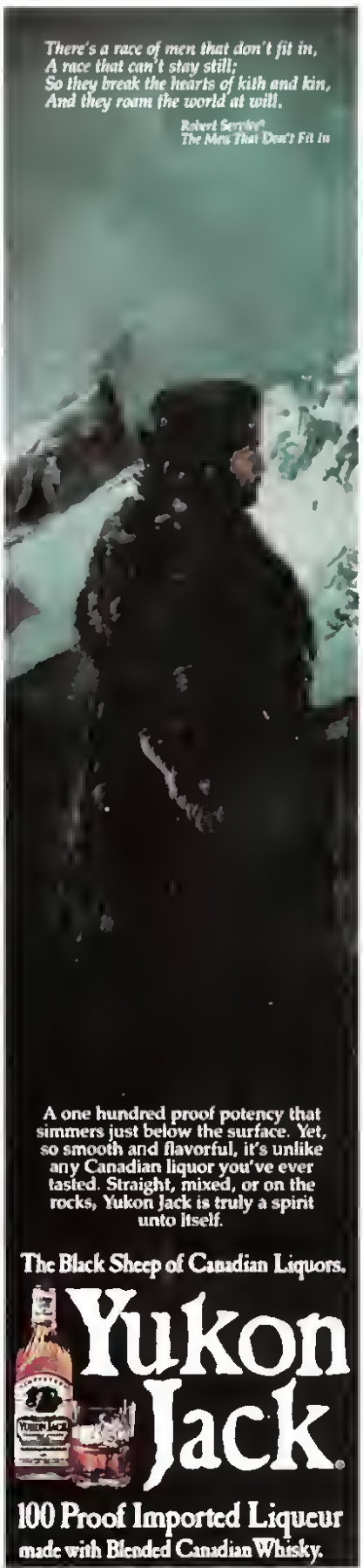
And then an interesting thing happened. Interesting because it typifies a Shula team. The Dolphin line never let Klecko or Gastineau or anybody else put the crunch on the quarterback again. Strock got nudged a couple times after he let go of the ball, but he was never sacked. Laakso said later that he had finally won "the battle" with Gastineau. Up and down the line similar battles ended in Dolphin victories, and Strock wound up completing 18 of 29 passes for 279 yards and two touchdowns. His second, for 23 yards to Moore, who made brilliant, fingertip receptions all afternoon and evening, apparently won it for Miami at 28–21 with 3:59 to go in regulation time.

But just as there was no stopping Strock, so it was for Todd. His fourth touchdown pass, to Wide Receiver Bobby Jones, beat the clock by 1:09, and sent the game into a fruitless and relatively uneventful overtime. Jones's catch was in itself a small miracle, making it as he did with Miami's Don Bessillieu and Lyle Blackwood growing out of his shoulder pads. Somehow he got the ball and they didn't, and they fell down and he didn't at the three, and he stumbled on into the end zone.

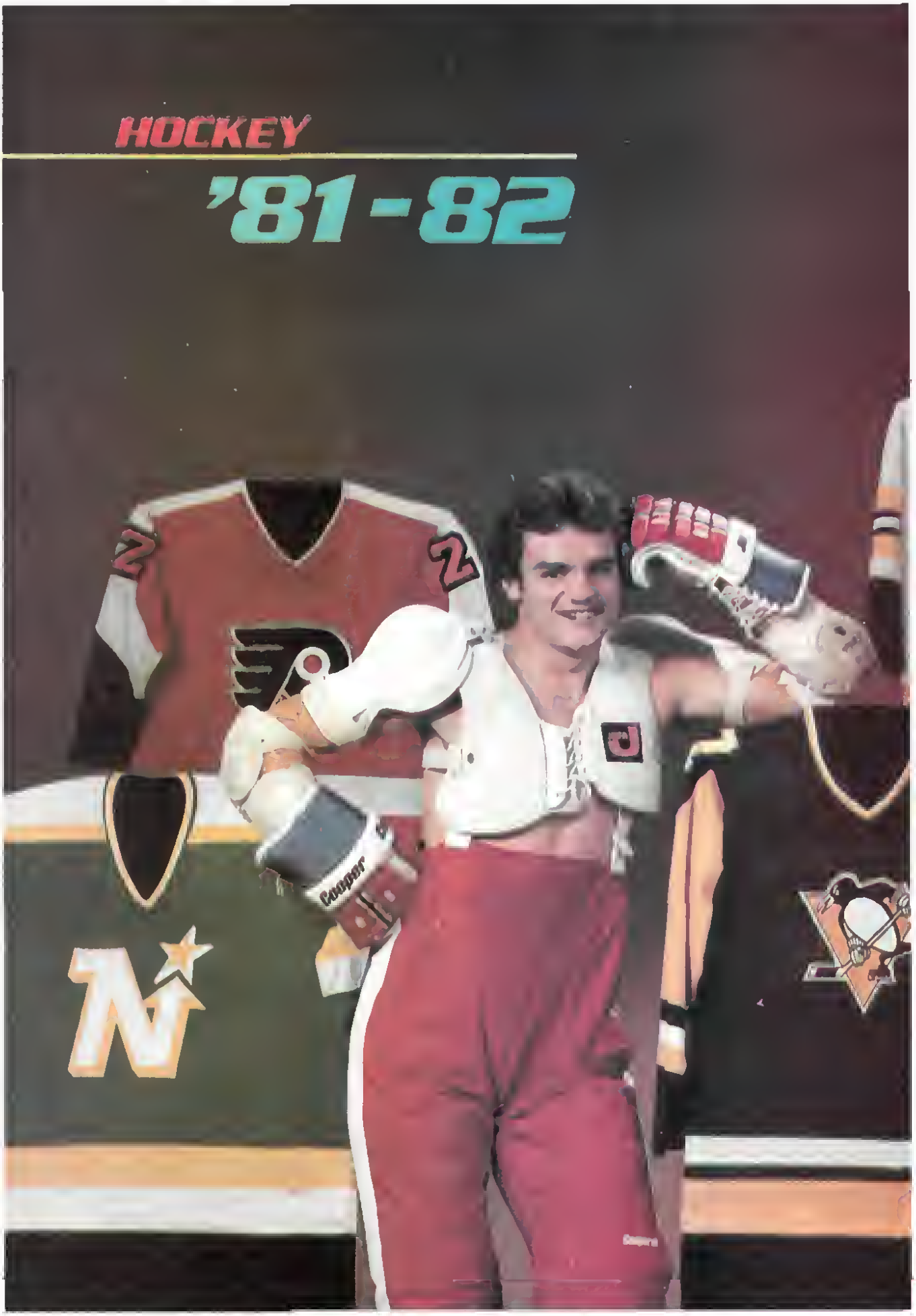
Shula said all the predictable things afterward. He couldn't, of course, be happy with the defense, especially in the first half when the Dolphins couldn't decide whether they were playing man or zone. Nor could he be happy with the failure of the offense to execute in overtime, when they were three downs and punt the two times they had the ball.

But here's a Miami offense that didn't produce a Pro Bowl player last year coming together. Jelling. Getting tougher. And a young quarterback with arms *and* feet to lead them. (This isn't a two-quarterback team; it's a team with a starting quarterback and a first-rate relief pitcher, and even if his teammates now call Woodley "Woodstrock," they certainly know the difference.) And here they are unbeaten after almost a third of the season, when everybody thought they'd be reaching for the smelling salts by now, and even if it's still too early to predict anything, they *are* ahead of everybody else in the AFC East, right?

And isn't that fun? **END**



HOCKEY '81-82





This season the NHL's 21 teams will clash over *two* grand prizes: the Stanley Cup and Brian Bellows.

Brian Bellows? Mark down the name. A 17-year-old superphenom who plays right wing, Bellows last year propelled Kitchener from last to first in the Ontario Junior Hockey League, and his admirers believe he can work similar wonders in the NHL. Right now Bellows earns $42 a week and boards in Kitchener with Mr. and Mrs. Ray Pedersen. Next year he might make $250,000 and live in a penthouse. The big question is, where.

The NHL's worst team will get first crack at Bellows. Already, though, the haves have begun acquiring the No. 1 picks of the have-nots. Philadelphia has traded for Hartford's, Boston for Colorado's and Minnesota for Detroit's. So coveted is Bellows that Minnesota G.M. Lou Nanne says, only half-jokingly, "I'd love to make a couple of deals to strengthen Hartford and Colorado." Last week Nanne did his part for Hartford, giving Defenseman Paul Shmyr to the Whalers. So far Winnipeg and Pittsburgh, solid contenders for Bellows, have held on to their top choices. But it's early, folks.

Bellows aside, the most significant news is that the NHL has finally awakened and will emphasize divisional play. In recent years all 21 teams faced each other four times. Now teams will play at least seven games against each divisional rival. Suddenly, Adams, Patrick, Smythe and Norris have meaning.

In addition to stimulating rivalries, the new scheduling format will allow coaches to worry less about airline and hotel arrangements and more about on-ice strategy. One result: Scoring will stop going through the roof. Fifteen years ago teams averaged 5.7 goals a game. Last season it was 7.7. No players will be more aware of the keener divisional competition than big guns like Wayne Gretzky, Guy Lafleur, Wayne Babych and Mike Bossy. They won't be moving about the ice as freely as they did when opposing coaches saw them too infrequently to devise ways to harass them.

As for the Stanley Cup? Don't bet against the New York Islanders. Far more wide open is the Brian Bellows Derby.

THE HUNT IS ON

Every general manager in the NHL would give the shirt off his team's back for a shot at Brian Bellows, the hottest prospect since Wayne Gretzky. Some already have. Others will surely try

CONTINUED

Scouting Reports

by Mike DelNagro

Patrick Division

The only team that can beat the two-time Stanley Cup champion ***NEW YORK ISLANDERS*** this season is the New York Islanders. On the ice, Coach Al Arbour has talent galore. A bad year for Mike Bossy means about 50 goals; Center Bryan Trottier and Defenseman Denis Potvin are the dominant players at their positions in the league; Goaltender Battlin' Billy Smith saves his best for the pressure games; role players abound in Butch Goring, Bob Bourne and Anders Kallur (penalty killers), Bob Nystrom and Clark Gillies (body benders) and Dave Langevin and Ken Morrow (defensive defensemen); and the club's talent pool is so deep that two newcomers, Swedish Defenseman Tomas Jonsson and Center Brent Sutter, may well displace veterans by midseason.

Off the ice, though, G.M. Bill Torrey is perched on a powder keg. The speedy Bourne was a free-agent sitout throughout training camp before signing a five-year contract, worth $1 million, last week. Potvin and Bossy can become free agents after this season, and both want contracts worth $800,000 a year. If Potvin and Bossy get big bucks, Torrey knows that all the other Islanders will line up to renegotiate—with Trottier in the lead. So, the dilemma facing Torrey is this: What price harmony?

Herb Brooks deserves a gold medal just for taking on the challenge of the ***NEW YORK RANGERS***, who haven't won the Stanley Cup in 41 years. Brooks's philosophy certainly seems to clash with that of Madison Square Garden president Sonny Werblin. Brooks wants his Rangers to eat, drink and sleep hockey—and stay in shape. Werblin, on the other hand, likes it when Barry Beck and Ron Duguay prowl the East Side and get their names in the gossip columns.

If Brooks expects another miracle on ice, he'll have to get steady goaltending from the oft-injured John Davidson and solid play from Beck and the other defensemen, including diminutive Finnish rookie Reijo Ruotsalainen. He also will need consistent scoring from Center Mike Rogers, who had 40 goals for Hartford last year, and from Swedish Forwards Anders Hedberg and Ulf Nilsson, who have never produced in New York the way they did in Winnipeg. To make Hedberg and Nilsson feel even more at home, Brooks may unretire their old Winnipeg linemate, Bobby Hull.

In an attempt to alter its image, ***PHILADELPHIA*** has changed its uniform style, dropping the traditional padded short pants in favor of girdle-type pads and full-length, sweatpants-style coveralls. "To the referees, though, our image will never change," gripes General Manager Keith Allen, who believes that all refs become whistle-happy whenever they officiate Philadelphia games. The Flyers insist they cleaned up their act last season, but they still led the league in penalty minutes for the 10th straight year.

While Bobby Clarke, who burned out by mid-March, remains the Flyers' heart and soul, and Bill Barber (43 goals) is still their best player, it's past time for Center Ken (Rat) Linseman, Wing Paul Holmgren and Defenseman Behn Wilson to shut up and put up—and stay out of the penalty box.

WASHINGTON may be first in war and first in peace, but the Capitals have been last or next to last in their division since joining the NHL in 1974. No. 1 draft choice Bobby Carpenter, the 18-year-old wunderkind from Peabody, Mass., centered the No. 1 line for Mike Gartner (48 goals last season) and Captain Ryan Walter (24) in training camp and hardly looked out of place. Aside from a reduction in injuries, what the Caps need most are a defenseman to operate their woeful power play and some consistent goaltending from Mike Palmateer, who was terribly erratic in 1980-81. If they get all that, the Caps may make the playoffs at last.

As always, ***PITTSBURGH*** is searching for a goaltender. Coach Eddie Johnston, an old goalie himself, thought he had a quality net-minder last season in Greg Millen, but Millen opted for free agency and signed with Hartford. None of the candidates for Millen's job has ever been confused with an NHL goaltender. Johnston has plenty of scorers—Rick Kehoe (55 last season), Paul Gardner (34) and Peter Lee (30)—at his disposal, and Randy Carlyle won the Norris Trophy as the NHL's best defenseman last year because of his offensive skills (16 goals, 67 assists), not his defensive work. What it all means is that the Penguins will be on the short side of a lot of 7–5 shootouts.



Tying up Bossy means holding him to around 50 goals.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GERRY GERSTEN

Adams Division

On the occasion of his 30th birthday a few weeks ago, Guy Lafleur decided to sleep in and skip an 8:30 a.m. practice scheduled by new ***MONTREAL*** Coach Bob Berry. So what else was new? The inmates had been running the asylum in Montreal since Scotty Bowman moved his dictatorship to Buffalo after the Canadiens' won their fourth straight Stanley Cup in 1979. Boom-Boom Geoffrion threw up his hands and quit as coach 30 games into the 1979-80 season, and his successor, Claude Ruel, was given the Rodney Dangerfield treatment by the Canadiens until he quit in disgust last April after Edmonton routed Montreal in the playoffs.

But Berry is of the Bowman persuasion. As coach of the L.A. Kings the last three seasons, he fined any player who showed up with a suntan. Berry hit Lafleur with a $300 fine, and while that sum is merely loose change for the Flower, Berry's message was clear: I'm running the show, boys.

Berry, however, has hardly inherited a powerhouse. Lafleur missed 29 games because of various injuries last season and scored only 27 goals. He needs a playmaking center to be effective, and there are no young Beliveaus or Lemaires wearing the rouge, blanc et bleu these days.

Defensively, the Big Three is just a memory—Serge Savard has retired and Larry Robinson and Guy Lapointe are coming off poor seasons—and the big names now are Rod Langway and Brian Engblom. As for goalies, Richard Sevigny, Denis Herron and Rick Walmsley don't add up to one Ken Dryden. Despite its problems, Montreal won't be embarrassed in the division, but the Cup is out of the question

Bowman is back behind the bench in ***BUFFALO***, which finished No. 2 overall when he was there in 1979-80 but slumped to fifth last season when he stuck to his general manager's duties. He has phased out some of those faded Sabres whose emotionless, if occasionally effective, style put the fans to sleep. His building blocks include Tony McKegney (37 goals last season), J.F. Sauve, Gilles Hamel, Alan Haworth, Steve Patrick and Randy Cunneyworth. Danny Gare, Mr. True Grit, who scored 46 goals in 1980-81, will shoulder the offensive load until Gilbert Perreault recovers from his broken ankle, which may not be until mid-November. Bowman's doghouse also has a new main occupant these days, Goaltender Bob Sauve, so Don Edwards probably will see far more action than Sauve.

Let's look at ***BOSTON***'s regress chart. Lost in the Stanley Cup finals in 1978. Lost in the semifinals in 1979. Lost in the quarterfinals in 1980. Lost in the preliminary round in 1981. Worse still, the Adams will be a skater's division, and the Bruins have more muckers than skaters. Rick Middleton (44 goals last year) is a high-quality forward, and Defenseman Ray Bourque has made the All-Star team each of his two NHL seasons. Bourque is exceptional offensively but could improve his defensive play. In an attempt to halt their slide, the Bruins may break in as many as six rookies, including Wing Norm Leveille, who reminds some Bostonians of a young Yvan Cournoyer. It will help if Goalie Rogie Vachon, now 36, reminds Bostonians of a young Rogie Vachon.



One roadblock Lafleur faces is no playmaking center.

QUEBEC avoided goaltending troubles when it re-signed free-agent holdout Dan Bouchard last week. Quebec was struggling last Jan. 30 when Bouchard was acquired from Calgary, but the Nordiques then won 19 of their last 30 games. On offense, Quebec has as much firepower as any NHL team, with natural scorers Jacques Richard (52 goals last season); Michel Goulet (32); Real Cloutier (15 in 34 games); and the Stastny brothers, Peter and Anton, who had 39 goals apiece after defecting from Czechoslovakia. Now a third Stastny brother has defected to Quebec, Marian, 28, and he's supposed to be the best scorer in the family. Bouchard no doubt decided he would be better off playing with these shooters than against them.

A Save the Whalers campaign has been launched in ***HARTFORD***, where 34-year-old Larry Pleau moved from assistant coach to interim coach to head coach and general manager—all in the time it takes to learn how to pronounce his name (plo). The Whalers should be saved from themselves. Pleau's only positive move was stealing free-agent Goaltender Greg Millen from Pittsburgh. Disaster move No. 1: packaging his 1982 No. 1 draft pick—hello, Brian Bellows—in the deal that brought Rick MacLeish from Philadelphia. MacLeish is a freewheeler who does his checking only at the bank. Disaster move No. 2: trading Center Mike Rogers, a 40-goal scorer, to the Rangers last week for three players who would not have made New York's roster.

continued



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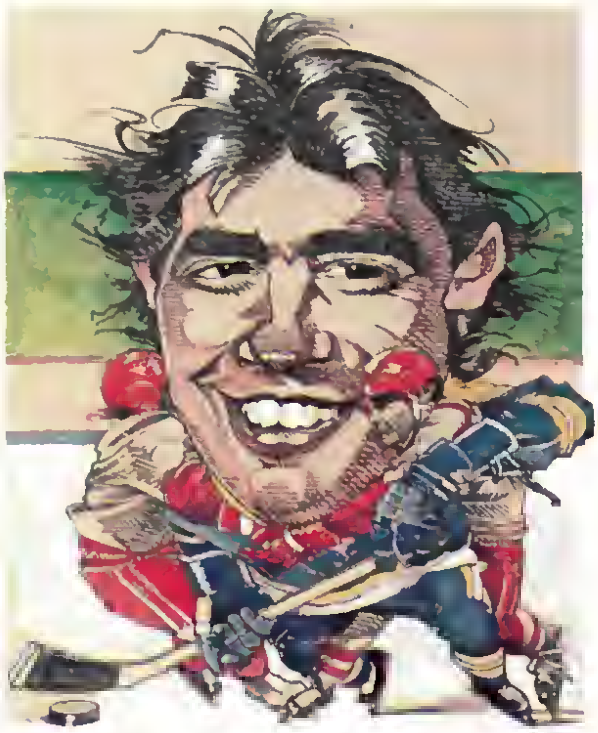
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Norris Division

Two years ago **ST. LOUIS** advanced from 16th to 10th in the overall standings, and last season moved up to second. Trouble was, the Blues then had a short playoff life last spring, being upset by the Rangers in the quarterfinals. As for continued improvement, St. Louis hardly needs much of that from its forwards. Right Wing Wayne Babych scored 54 goals, and his playmaker, Center Bernie Federko, had 73 assists to go with 31 goals. In all, five Blues forwards had more than 30 goals, and five others scored 20 or more.

The defense, however, could stand some improvement. Particularly needed are fresh young legs to help such slowfoots as Ed Kea and Gerry Hart. So, Coach Red Berenson probably won't hesitate to use newcomer Rick Wilson, 19, the team's No. 1 draft pick in 1980.

Where the Blues have to improve the most is in their philosophy, which is largely determined by President and General Manager Emile Francis. When Francis ran the Rangers, they invariably performed superbly during the regular season but flopped in the playoffs. One reason: Francis overworked his goaltender, Eddie Giacomin, from October to March, and come April, Giacomin was worn out. The same thing happened last year to Blues' Goalie Mike Liut. After playing in 61 of 80 games, Liut had established himself as the NHL's best goaltender, but he was battered and frayed at the edges. Then, in the playoffs, he was more of a sieve than a stopper. St. Louis, think of it this way: The less Liut plays from October to March, the more he—and all the Blues—may get to play in April . . . and maybe even in May.



For Babych, close encounters will be of the worst kind.

The Blues will be hard pressed to stave off **MINNESOTA**. The North Stars finished ninth overall in 1980-81 but then aged well in the playoffs, becoming the youngest team ever to appear in the Stanley Cup finals. The wonder of it all wasn't that such Kiddie Korps performers as Goalie Don Beaupre and Forwards Steve Christoff, Dino Ciccarelli, Neal Broten and Brad Palmer played so well, but that the North Stars went so far without much scoring help from Steve Payne and Al MacAdam. The two combined for 84 goals two years ago but got only 51 last season.

On defense, the North Stars suffered from a leadership crisis a year ago, but now General Manager Lou Nanne has provided Craig Hartsburg and friends with a general type who wears not one, not two but three Stanley Cup rings: Bill Nyrop, 29, who retired from the Montreal Canadiens three years ago. Nyrop may well prove to be the best friend goalies Beaupre and Gilles Meloche have ever had.

One thing's certain: Tony Esposito didn't have any best friends on the **CHICAGO** defense last season. Poor Tony had the worst goals-against average (3.75) of his 13-year NHL career. But that was hardly his fault. The young Black Hawk defensemen—Keith Brown, Doug Wilson, Bob Murray *et al.*—prefer to masquerade as so many Bobby Orrs when they ought to be protecting Esposito from the opposition.

Forwards Darryl Sutter, who had 40 goals, and Denis Savard, who had 28 goals and 47 assists, lead an attack that last season produced 304 goals, the most in Chicago history. Each of Coach Keith Magnuson's three lines has one 30-goal scorer, but Esposito would be happier if each line also had one good backchecker.

TORONTO has been rebuilding for almost 15 seasons, but it still needs help at every position and in the front office. Old hands Darryl Sittler and Borje Salming have slowed down, and no young Sittlers or Salmings are lurking around Maple Leaf Gardens. Cantankerous Owner Harold Ballard will have a few mouthfuls of bad words to say about his team before the season is too far along.

Neither **WINNIPEG** nor **DETROIT** will make the playoffs, unless, that is, Toronto plays, as hockey scouts like to say, more than worse. So, Winnipeg probably will get to participate in the Brian Bellows Derby. Not so Detroit, which exchanged 1982 No. 1 picks with Minnesota to get Wing Don Murdoch, a scorer on the ice but trouble off it, and Defenseman Greg Smith. The Red Wings have no strengths, just weaknesses—everywhere.

As for the Jets, G.M. John Ferguson seems on the right track. Once again he stubbornly refused to trade his No. 1 pick and drafted 18-year-old Center Dale Hawerchuk, the best junior in Canada. Hawerchuk should fit in well with last year's draft choices, Defensemen Dave Babych and Moe Mantha, and former U.S. Olympian Dave Christian, as Ferguson builds with youth. Ferguson did make two trades, acquiring Goaltenders Doug Soetaert from the Rangers and Ed Staniowski from the Blues. While neither is a Liut, new Winnipeg Coach Tom Watt will sleep better at night than his predecessors did.

continued

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Smythe Division

When the Flames belonged to Atlanta, they spent more time playing golf than hockey—with predictable results: The Atlanta Flames never won a playoff series. But last season the franchise moved to ***CALGARY***, where the golf courses usually are under snow for most of the hockey season, and the Flames had nothing else to do except play hockey—with predictable results: the Calgary Flames won not one but two playoff series. In fact, they probably would have beaten Minnesota in the semifinals if their most indispensable player, Center Kent Nilsson, hadn't been suddenly rendered useless because of shoulder and knee injuries. Nilsson, the Swedish "Magic Man" whom none other than Wayne Gretzky calls "the most talented player in the league," finished third in scoring with 49 goals and 82 assists, but had only one assist in the Flames' six-game series against the North Stars.

Nilsson is healthy again, and except for Finnish Defenseman Kari Eloranta, Calgary starts the season with almost the same team that last year finished seventh overall and had the third-best power play. Whether the Flames end the season with that team is another question. G.M. Cliff Fletcher wants more speed, and the only Calgary untouchables probably are Nilsson and Defenseman Paul Reinhart.

As ***LOS ANGELES*** discovered one more time, last spring, one-line teams don't survive long in the playoffs. To be fair, the Kings' high-flying Triple Crown Line of Marcel Dionne (58 goals), Dave Taylor (47) and Charlie Simmer (56 in 65 games) went kaput when Simmer broke his right leg on March 2, but the club was custom-built around that line and couldn't cope with adversity. So, L.A.'s joy at finishing fourth in the regular season was gone in the sorrow of its first-round playoff wipe-out by the Rangers.

Simmer may not be ready to play until Thanksgiving, and the physical status of Rick Martin, who joined the Kings last March but played only two games because of an injured right knee, is still clouded. New Coach Parker MacDonald prays that second-year Defenseman Larry Murphy has a season as productive as last year's (16 goals, 60 assists). It also would help if rookie Doug Smith takes over a center spot, and if youngsters Steve Bozek, Jim Fox and Greg Terrion develop scoring consistency. In addition, the Kings could use a capable backup for overworked Goaltender Mario Lessard, who wilted in the playoffs.

If Minnesota is the NHL's best young team, the best up-and-coming club is ***EDMONTON*** Obscured by the excitement over Wayne Gretzky, whose 164 points last year were 89 more than any other Oiler had, is the fact that G.M. and Coach Glen Sather is building a strong supporting cast around his child star Right Wing Glenn Anderson (30 goals, 23 assists in 1980-81) has star quality himself, as does 20-year-old Defenseman Paul Coffey, an excellent puck handler. Goalie Andy Moog, 21, was a hero in the Oilers' playoff sweep of Les Canadiens, and with No. 1 pick Grant Fuhr in reserve, Edmonton's goaltending seems solid.

In keeping with the tradition of a team that in its first five seasons had four owners, six coaches and 101 players,



There will be no holds barred against the eely Gretzky.

COLORADO once again will offer the most new faces in the NHL, starting with Coach Bert Marshall, who succeeds Billy MacMillan, now the general manager. Both learned the ropes in the Islanders' organization. A new defenseman is Bob Lorimer, a former teammate of Marshall's and a regular on two Islander championship teams. He's vastly underrated, mainly because he sticks to defense and rarely rushes the puck. New forwards include Brent Ashton, who had 18 goals for Vancouver last season, and Dwight Foster, who had 24 for Boston. New imports include Veli-Pekka Ketola, Jukka Porvari and Tapio Levo, all of Finland, and Peter Gustavsson and Christer Kellgren, both of Sweden. Semi-new faces include Goalie Chico Resch and Center Steve Tambellini, who came from the Islanders last March. Holdovers Lanny McDonald (35 goals) and Rob Ramage probably spent the training season introducing themselves around.

VANCOUVER also went the European import route, securing Jiri Bubla and Ivan Hlinka from Czechoslovakia and Defenseman Anders Eldebrink from Sweden. Unfortunately, the one Canuck who was going to protect the Europeans, Defenseman Harold Snepsts, sprained a knee in training camp and may not play until November. The best news for the Canucks is that Goaltender Glen Hanlon, who appeared in only 105 games the last three seasons, seems healthy for a change. Hanlon has had major surgery on both shoulders and both knees. No dummy, he married a nurse.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER



Sweet Lou from the Soo

Lou Nanne, Minnesota's general manager, is a lousy poet, but his savvy and salesmanship have made the club a contender. Many think he should be running the NHL

by E.M. SWIFT

Lou Nanne didn't come riding in on a white horse to save the Minnesota North Stars. He was part of the whole disaster from the start. Nanne joined the team at the tail end of its very first season, 1967-68, and for the next 10 years he was back there on defense, game but plodding, or filling in at right wing when needed. During that period the North Stars had the worst record in the NHL (274 wins, 436 defeats, 149 ties). Every year Nanne would come to camp, and every year the coach (whoever he happened to be; the North Stars went through seven those 11 seasons) would hint that Nanne probably wouldn't make the team—a sad thing, for Nanne was popular with the fans. But lo and behold, when the final roster was named, Nanne would be on it—also a sad thing because it was a dead giveaway that North Star fans were in for another long winter.

Which is what makes the whole thing so savory now. The awkward defenseman—Sweet Lou from the Soo—is the general manager and prime mover of the best young team in the NHL. In 3½ seasons Nanne turned the North Stars from the worst team in the league into a Stanley Cup finalist. He has wheeled and dealed more than 30 players, accumulating draft choices in return. Minnesota's season-ticket sales have climbed from 4,428 to nearly 10,000 since Nanne took charge, and enthusiasm for the pro game has never been higher in the Twin Cities, an area with a proud hockey heritage but one that has long viewed the NHL as a polluting influence on the amateur version of its sport. That is, until Nanne came along. Some maintain that what's good for the river is good for the sea. "The NHL would be better off with Nanne promoting the whole league instead of just one team," says John Gilbert of the *Minneapolis Tribune*. An informal poll of Nanne's rival G.M.s produces the same conclusion: If hockey's version of Pete Rozelle is out there somewhere, poised to lead the NHL through the '80s, it is. . . .

Sweet Lou from the Soooooooo! Smile when you say that. He does. The guy is a hockey executive with a sense of humor, which is a contradiction in terms. Raised in the Italian hotbed of hockey, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, home of Phil and Tony Esposito among others, Nanne became a U.S. citizen in 1967, four years after graduating from the University of Minnesota. He tirelessly sells his sport, his team, his players, his ideas, American hockey and, unapologetically, himself, all in an engaging, self-parodying style.

continued

And is he ever slick. Last month Nanne, who was G.M. of Team U.S.A. for the Canada Cup, was watching his club practice when someone peddling a pinkish quick-energy drink asked him to try a cup. He took a sip and nodded.

"Pretty good, eh?" the salesman asked.

"Yup," said Nanne. Suddenly his face brightened. "Can I sell you a cup?"

The salesman almost fell over laughing. He took back his drink and jiggled it all over his shoes, wagging his head in admiration. Sweet Lou had outhustled the hustler. And it never stops.

Nanne's charm and wit are most often displayed during between-period TV interviews, and if he picks up another Seiko digital watch or Sony clock radio in the bargain, well, who can blame him? "I don't make much money," Nanne lies, "so I'm opening a watch shop." He is unrepentantly vain about his looks (he once was balding and has had a nose job), is progressive in his thinking ("I don't get ideas, I steal them") and works, if not lives, like a devout Calvinist. He has even inspired verse, courtesy of William A. Torrey, noted poetaster, fashion plate and G.M. of the New York Islanders:

Player, Coach, G.M., and also
TV star,
Sweet Lou from the Soo has truly come far,
He has taken a loser and made it
a winner,
Which proves beyond doubt the
Good Lord loves a sinner.

It all goes back to Feb. 9, 1978, when Nanne was a bench-riding, bent-nosed 36-year-old fringe player for the hapless North Stars. The next day he was their coach and general manager. It was preposterous! One day an overly superstitious defenseman, who spent more time in the broadcast booth than on the ice, and the next . . . *Mr. Nanne's office, please hold.* He had coached the University of Minnesota freshmen for five years, and although his skills as a spokesman and a negotiator for the NHL Players Association were well known, his experience in the front office consisted of selling ads for the North Stars' game program. Yet he persuaded the club's owners he could turn around their franchise. It seemed the sort of thing the Chicago Cubs would have done—hire some loyal Joe who had been with the organization for years and then watch him make the same mistakes his predecessors had.

"Things were so bad," Nanne recalls, "that whenever anyone asked, 'Want to go to the North Star game?' the answer was, 'Only if you take me to dinner.' " Season-ticket sales were at an alltime low and regard for the quality of NHL play was at such a level that when Nanne called a press conference for local high school reporters—a marketing strategy aimed at attracting youth interest—one of the questions he fielded was whether he thought the North Stars could beat Hill-Murray, a top high school team in the state.

Nationally it was just as bad—the Minnesota No-Stars! When Sportscaster Len Berman interviewed Nanne on an *NHL TV Game of the Week* in 1978, he asked what sort of timetable Nanne had for making Minnesota a contender.

"Two years," Nanne replied.

Berman could hardly contain himself. "Two years?" he said. "*Two years!* You heard it here first, ladies and gentlemen! The North Stars are going to be a contender in *two years!*" It sounded like a carnival, with some huckster shouting about a two-headed baby—*You've got to see it to believe it!* Nanne got so mad that he almost gave back the gift watch. Almost.

Two years later the North Stars *were* a contender. In the 1979-80 playoffs they knocked off the Montreal Canadiens, who had won the Stanley Cup four straight seasons, en route to the semifinals. Last spring Nanne's North Stars went all the way to the finals before losing to Torrey's Islanders, four games to one. Only five players remain from the 1977-78 team that Nanne played for. He didn't inherit a budding giant; he built one.

"What impresses me most about Lou is that when he made the switch from player to management, he made the real tough decisions involving his old teammates," says Herb Brooks, the new coach of the New York Rangers, who co-captained the 1968 U.S. Olympic team with Nanne. "People say he's callous and indifferent, but those weren't things he did lightly. They hurt him."

In Nanne's first trade he sent his former roommate, Defenseman Doug Hicks, to Chicago for *a player to be named later.* Here was one of the North Stars' most experienced defensemen, and Nanne didn't even get a body for him. It seemed pretty odd. But what Nanne was doing was carefully keeping Minnesota on track to a last-place finish, so he could have first choice in the forthcoming amateur draft. That pick, everyone knew, would be Bobby Smith, a center for the Ottawa 67s.



Nanne's forte, as No. 1 draft pick Ron Meighan learned, is playing "Let's make a deal"

Nanne also started to play some of the North Stars' young Americans—native Minnesotans—more regularly, which was great for local interest. And if they made mistakes that cost a few games, well, who would be the worse for it? Not Nanne. At least they were trying. He should have been named Coach of the Year for keeping that team in the cellar.

Per his game plan, Nanne coached only the last 29 games of that 1977-78 season—"I wanted to see how the players reacted to me,"

continued


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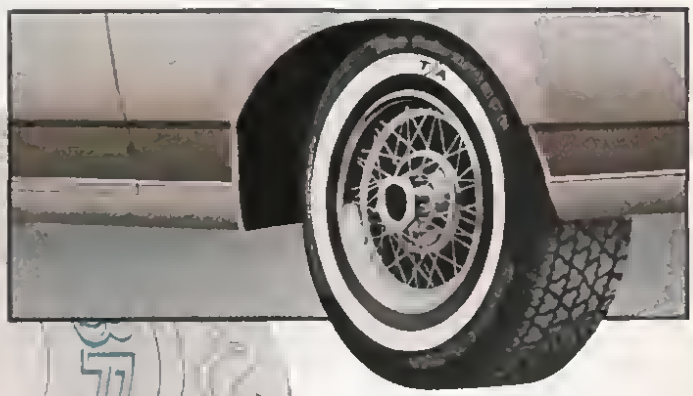
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he says—and then became general manager full time. He wanted to build a team through the draft, the way the great football and hockey teams had always done it. Nanne's duties as G.M. became frenzied when, in the summer of 1978, the Cleveland Barons merged with the North Stars, a situation he likens to taking one bag of manure and mixing it with another bag of manure. Suddenly Nanne had 63 players under contract. He released or traded 23, in most cases for a draft choice or future considerations, which leads Torrey to observe dryly, "You know what happens when you spread manure around and get back draft choices—the grass grows greener." Nanne then had to find a coach and sign his top draft pick, who was, indeed, Smith.

This is where Nanne's local business contacts helped him. As a player, Nanne was always the guy who "knew this fella who could get you a deal . . ." Want a fur coat? Talk to Louie. There are stories of Nanne hopping off a team bus in, say, Czechoslovakia to make a call to some guy about a deal on blue jeans or watches or something. Well, one night at a dinner party Nanne was complaining about how the World Hockey Association was trying to lure away Smith—The Franchise—and if only the North Stars had a little more money. . . . Bill Ramsay was there. Ramsay is a neighbor of Nanne's in fashionable Edina, a Twin Cities suburb, and was Nanne's teammate at the University of Minnesota. His father also happens to be chairman of Marigold Foods. Ramsay is president. Bingo! Maybe, Nanne suggested, Marigold could pick up part of Smith's contract; maybe Smith could be a company spokesman or something. He's gonna be a big star, Bill ol' buddy, ol' pal. It sounded pretty good to Ramsay, but nothing was definite. Food for thought, so to speak.

A few days later the papers reported that Nanne had signed Smith to a four-year, $750,000 contract, and Nanne credited Marigold Foods with tipping the balance. "My father came into my office *shaking mad*," Bill Ramsay recalls. " 'What's this?' he asked. I told him I didn't know. Well, I *didn't*. He looked at me and said, 'You see those trucks out there? You hang around that Nanne much longer, and he'll be sitting in this office and *you'll* be driving those trucks.' " Fortunately for all concerned, Smith's relationship with Marigold Foods has been mutually profitable.

At first Nanne offered the North Stars' coaching job to Brooks, a native son, who had guided the University of Minnesota to three national championships but was a virtual unknown in the NHL, which usually picks its coaches from among former players, often with disastrous results. It was an innovative idea on Nanne's part, but Brooks turned him down when Nanne offered him only a one-year contract. After looking at several other candidates, Nanne settled on team scout Glen Sonmor, who had coached the Minnesota Fighting Saints and the Birmingham Bulls of the WHA and, before that, the University of Minnesota. The Bulls had been monstrous collections of thugs, and there was concern he would turn the North Stars into a similar goon squad.

But the team Nanne and Sonmor have put together plays the type of hockey they love in Minnesota: a skating game. Yet the North Stars cannot be intimidated. The same cannot be said of past North Star clubs, which were pathetically defined the night of Dec. 1, 1977, when John Wensink, then of the Boston Bruins, challenged the entire Minnesota bench to fight him and then mocked the North Stars when they declined. It was a sad spectacle, but it wasn't coincidence that in 35 games over 14 years, Minnesota had never won in Boston Garden.

That streak ended in last April's playoffs. The stage was set on Feb. 26 when, guessing that Minnesota might meet Boston in the first round, Nanne and Sonmor ordered the North Stars to retaliate if the Bruins tried to intimidate them, something that always happened in Boston. It took seven seconds. Steve Kasper of the Bruins gave Smith a little chop, and when the sticks and gloves were collected at the end of the game, a record 406 minutes in penalties had been handed out, 12 players had been ejected and $16,000 in fines were on the way to John Ziegler at Violence Control. As always, Minnesota lost the game.



Nanne skated from defenseman to coach and G.M. overnight

When Ziegler and his associates treated the melee as just one of those things that happens—the usual reaction, in other words—Nanne called a press conference and declared that fighting should be eliminated from pro hockey. Most of his NHL colleagues found the idea repugnant. "It was as if I had leprosy," says Nanne. "A few owners called me and said they agreed. People say it's a part of the game, but hockey players are very disciplined. We tell them to be in by midnight and they do it. We tell them to do 15 sprints between the blue lines and they do it. Are you trying to tell me we can't get them to stop fighting on the ice?"

Sure enough, the North Stars, who finished the regular season in ninth place, and the Bruins, who ended up in eighth, were paired against each other in the opening round of the playoffs. Boston would have the home-ice advantage.

Torrey sent Nanne a poem wishing him luck:

They said your team's chicken
and the Bruins are tough,
But we both know Cheezy's all
bluff.

continued

So come on, Sweet Lou, start
cooking a Sinden Stew,
This is but one step toward the
inevitable duel
Me again' You.

Cheezy, of course, is Bruins Coach Gerry Cheevers, and Sinden Stew refers to Harry Sinden, Boston's general manager. But never had a duel appeared more evitable than the one Torrey referred to so cavalierly. Me again' You. Minnesota still hadn't won in Boston. So Nanne grimly donned every lucky item of clothing he owned—on the road, he wears only browns, tans and maroons—and to everyone's astonishment, the young North Stars swept the Bruins in three clean, hard-hitting games.

Nanne is, perhaps, the most superstitious animal to ever prowl a press box. If he happens to have his arm around you when Minnesota scores a goal—beware! His arm will be around you for weeks. If the other team scores, he'll tell you to move. As a player he used to follow Bill Goldsworthy onto the ice before every game, until one year Goldsworthy went into a slump. "Quit following me, you little bleep," Goldy snarled. "You're the reason I'm not scoring." The next game Goldsworthy hid in the shower room until he thought everyone had left the locker room. Then he made his move. Nanne was hiding in the training room, and he slipped out right behind Goldsworthy, ducking his expletives.

Poetry became Nanne's good-luck charm in last season's playoffs as the North Stars continued to play winning hockey, eliminating Buffalo and Calgary, both of which had finished ahead of them in the regular season. Rhymed Nanne to pal Torrey:

I still marvel at the ease with
which
the Isles roll,
Standing proud and erect like a
telephone pole;
But give me one chance to stick
my spurs in you,
And I'll be at the top of that
pole, and you'll be through.
So here's to the meeting we both
want to see,
Something I've dreamed—you
against me.

When Torrey and Nanne did, indeed, meet in the finals, the dream ended; the Islanders were far superior. Still, just to be sure, the cagey Torrey refused to exchange any more poems with Nanne.

"I'd gotten him that far, and I wasn't going to carry him anymore," says Torrey. New York won the first three games of the series and clinched the Cup in the fifth. The loss in Game 4 came after Torrey's resolve weakened. The producers of *Hockey Night in Canada* cajoled Torrey into one last session of versifying, which would be aired before the game. Torrey, who dresses like a prep school Latin teacher (he's called Billy Bow Tie), got roasted. Wrote Nanne:

Here you are on Hockey Night
in Canada and the USA Net-
work, too
At least you could dress up like
Sweet Lou,
Go to your clothier and tell him
you'd like to buy
A new blazer and slacks and es-
pecially a full tie.

Torrey, assuming an above-the-fray air, doesn't feel compelled to defend his wardrobe. "Louie's a TV personality," he says. "I'm not. I don't have that nice Italian profile, and I haven't had a nose job."

Nanne claims the operation was to improve a deviated septum so he could breathe properly, but Brooks's wife, Patti, for one, doesn't buy his story. "I told him he couldn't fool me," she says. "Somebody else would do these things and you'd retch, but Louie can get away with them."

The hair transplants—three of them—were all tax deductible because Nanne was doing TV commercials for a local savings and loan. He also gives motivational speeches to Honeywell recruits. "I tell my players it's important to have identification with the fans so they know you as a person," he says. "Players have no idea how many opportunities are waiting out there for them."

Nanne also believes that you create your own opportunities, which is just what he did this summer. He traded the North Stars' first-round draft choice, a so-so defenseman named Greg Smith, and rights to Don Murdoch, a one-way wing who has had a troublesome off-ice lifestyle, to Detroit for the Red Wings' No. 1 draft choice in 1982. Since Detroit promises to maintain its position as one of the worst teams in hockey, the trade put Nanne in the Brian Bellows Derby (*page 42*). At the very least it would seem to assure Nanne one of the top five or six players in what promises to be an exceptional year in the draft. He gave up two players who likely wouldn't help his club for a shot at a superstar. Unlike most hockey G.M.s, Nanne knows you don't build around so-so players and head cases. You build around stars and then find team players to fill supporting roles. "It ruined my weekend when I heard what Louie did," says Torrey.

In spite of their almost daily conversations by phone, Nanne and Torrey have never struck a deal. Says Torrey, "If you get your pocket picked by someone with a nice personality or a gorilla, it doesn't really matter. You still lose your wallet. When Louie first became a G.M. a lot of people thought, 'He's a nice guy, I'll talk to him.' Well, now that he's fleeced a few G.M.s, he's going to find it a lot harder to deal the second time around."

Says Brooks, "If Louie wants to deal with the Rangers, I'm going to keep my hands in my back pockets and say, 'O.K., Louie, start talking.' "

Which is exactly what Nanne does when the subject of marketing the NHL

Lou has some words of wisdom for Steve Payne



comes up. Nanne denies having an interest in Ziegler's job as president, but he's a salesman, and he can't hide the fact that he knows the president's job has been handled all wrong. This is a man whose first jobs out of college were selling chemicals and envelopes. You know how many envelopes you have to sell to make a living? The North Stars paid him far more than he was worth as a player because he agreed to sell ads for their game programs. He was so good at it that the Minnesota Vikings got him to sell ads for their programs. Nanne can flat peddle, and hockey hasn't been able to sell itself to television, the print media or large reaches of the American public since the days of Bobby Hull and Bobby Orr.

"Hockey is lower in popularity than it should be in the U.S.," Nanne says. "We've got two things to build on: cable TV, which will enable us to reach whole new markets, and the success of the 1980 U.S. Olympic hockey team."

Millions of Americans who wept over the gold medal winners wouldn't dream of attending an NHL game. There simply is no connection between the two in their minds, and the NHL has made little effort to make a connection. The players, general managers, coaches and officials of the NHL are still overwhelmingly Canadian, or Canadian influenced, and they take a strongly nationalistic attitude toward their game. "These people think because they don't need help marketing the sport in Canada, we don't need it in the States," says Nanne. "It's like England and cricket. They don't want to change it because it's a great game the way it is. I always feel like the ghost of Howie Morenz must be walking around at NHL Rules Committee meetings.

"Americans love scoring—touchdowns, home runs, the three-point play. The most exciting play in hockey is the penalty shot, but it's hardly ever called. I'd even like to penalize the goalie for smothering the puck. People ask, 'What is he going to do when it gets trapped between his pads?' Let *him* figure it out!"

Nanne points out that hockey is still the only sport—besides, fittingly, boxing—that doesn't have some sort of overtime in the regular season. He'd like to see it, despite the fact that one of the most frequent complaints about the game is how long it takes to play. To speed things up, Nanne advocates that all line changes be made while the puck is in play, thus eliminating the tiresome "juggling" of lines that often occurs after a whistle. He'd like the league to try two 30-minute periods instead of three 20-minute periods. Last year Nanne scheduled an exhibition game with two 30-minute periods to see how the players and the ice would hold up, and they both did fine. Eliminating fighting and the pointless pushing and jersey-tugging that accompany it also would speed things.

Let's face facts: The NHL doesn't think of itself as a sleeping giant. Burned by overexpansion, criticized for violence, mocked for a schedule that permits 76% of its teams to advance into the playoffs, the league has circled the wagons. If television doesn't want us, we don't want television. If the press won't write nice things about us, we won't talk nicely to the press. The league doesn't have a spokesman or an intelligible direction; it is 21 separate fiefdoms, each battling for its own piece of the public pie. And the players make up a 22nd fiefdom.



Nannes Marc, Michael, Francine, Lou, Marty Sage, a Bouvier

But the man for everyone is Nanne, who is Canadian-born, American-naturalized and a former vice-president of the Players Association. Nanne was a driving force behind the NHL merger with the WHA. He is a mediator, a negotiator; he gets things done quickly, and without selling his soul to special-interest factions. "Louie could talk himself out of a shoebox," says his wife, Sweet Francine from the Soo.

"We're competing with baseball and football," says Nanne. "What makes us unique is that we're an international sport. We're in a position to have the most important international competition of any sport."

Nanne would like to see a Stanley Cup final between the European champion and the NHL champion. It would be like soccer's World Cup. Because the season is already too long, Nanne would eliminate the opening round of the playoffs. That, in turn, would make the 80-game regular season more meaningful—21 teams vying for eight playoff berths—quarters, semis, finals and then off to Moscow or wherever.

Ask yourself: Would you have watched the New York Islanders play the Soviet major league's champions last May? A four-out-of-seven series for the Stanley Cup? Nanne's eyes do pinwheels at the thought of the cable possibilities of that matchup. Naturally, he sees it as the North Stars vs. the Central Army Club of Moscow. Can you imagine Viktor Tikhonov, the Soviet coach, getting a bit of verse from Nanne on the eve of the first game? Just a little something to bring the North Stars luck?

Roses, like your team, are red,
violets are blue,
Want to buy a Seiko, Vik? Just
come and see Sweet Loo;
All I've ever dreamed of in my
impoverished life so far
Is to match my team with yours
on ice—Eating beluga caviar. **END**

by Barry McDermott

Air Aztec is flying high

Coach Doug Scovil, a master at developing quality quarterbacks, has San Diego State winging once more and it has zoomed to three straight wins on the road

Given his approach to football, it's easy to imagine Doug Scovil as a Mad Bomber sort. You know, thick glasses, darting eyes, a cackling laugh and a grenade in either hand. Wherever Scovil has coached, bombs bursting in air has had nothing at all to do with the national anthem.

During his four seasons as offensive coordinator under Coach LaVell Edwards at Brigham Young, the Cougars shattered all kinds of NCAA passing, scoring and total-offense records, earning for whoever was throwing the ball the NCAA passing title and a pro contract. BYU struck for 83 points in one game last year, 70 in another. And this season at San Diego State, where Scovil has taken over as head coach, the game plan's the same: The Aztecs have come out throwing.

San Diego opened by putting the ball up 52 times in a 30–14 victory at Colorado State, and then followed that with 36 passes while winning at Oklahoma State 23–16, before New Mexico's unconventional blitzing defense stymied the Aztecs' attack last Saturday night in Albuquerque. Still, San Diego State won 17–15, surviving all sorts of disasters, including five sacks of Quarterback Matt Kofler in the last 10 times he tried to pass. Kofler became so exasperated that early in the fourth quarter, after he had been thrown for a 19-yard loss, he got into a pushing match with Defensive Back Julius Johnson and wound up getting sacked one last time—by the officials, who tossed him out of the game.

Despite everything, the Aztecs escaped when New Mexico blew a two-point conversion attempt late in the game, failing to get the ball in from the one-yard line after a San Diego State penalty. When the game was over, Scovil looked harried and distraught, as if *he* had been sacked. His team had all of *minus* nine yards of total offense in the second half, a performance so embarrassing that Scovil said he couldn't remember one as bad. The solution: "We got to get back to throwing the ball," said Scovil, predictably. They will, probably 40 to 50 times a game, but for the moment Aztec fans are thrilled with a new brain trust that has taken a lightly regarded team to three straight victories, all on the road.

Despite the flamboyance of a passing offense that in its first two games *averaged* 297.5 yards, second best in the nation behind—who else?—BYU, Scovil is a professorial sort who speaks softly and carries a big playbook. Up before the sun most mornings, he fills the time before breakfast by studying game films and computer printouts. Very few of his quotes will wind up pasted on the wall of an opponent's locker room, and the best place for him as an after-dinner speaker would be a slumber party. But when he dons his headphones on the sideline, it is as if he has slipped into a clown's costume. He is transformed into a showman.

"Coach says he likes to see the scoreboard roll up like a slot machine," says Kofler. "He gets a grin on his face, and he doesn't have to do any more than that. His body language is understood."

Some men are born to train horses, or to raise flowers. Doug Scovil was born to work with quarterbacks. They are his favorite breed, and since he began his coaching career at the College of San Mateo, in 1958, he has tutored some very talented ones. He taught Roger Staubach at the Naval Academy, and for four years he was the backfield coach for the San Francisco 49ers when John Brodie was with them. Scovil also can take credit

continued



Matt Kofler hopes Scovil can do for him what he did for Wilson, Nielsen and McMahon while at BYU

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for Bob Lee at the University of the Pacific, as well as Gifford Nielsen, Marc Wilson and Jim McMahon at Brigham Young. Last year McMahon became the first player in NCAA history to pass for more than 4,000 yards, and before last weekend he was second only to Kofler in the 1981 stats. McMahon also had a lost weekend, sitting out his team's 32–26 victory over Utah State last Friday night because of a hyperextended left knee.

Wilson and Nielsen have become pro quarterbacks, Wilson with Oakland and Nielsen with Houston. Says Brian Billick, Scovil's receiver coach, who was also with him at BYU, "I remember the first time I saw Gifford, *I* thought, 'What are they doing, giving away scholarships?' But by the time Doug was through with Gifford, he was a hell of a quarterback. And I think Marc Wilson would tell you: 'If it wasn't for Doug Scovil, I wouldn't be in professional football.' "

With Scovil aboard, BYU won the NCAA passing title in 1976, 1977, 1979 and 1980. So what happened in '78? Well, Scovil was with the Chicago Bears that season, a job he left when it became apparent that any team with Walter Payton wasn't about to turn into an aerial circus.

Scovil has a way of getting the players to believe, and the power of positive passing can be awesome. It can also camouflage a lot of deficiencies. Obviously, the secret of Scovil's success isn't some private knowledge discovered in those pre-dawn hours spent by the flickering light of a film projector. There are no secret strategies in college football. "The passing system itself is nothing great," Billick says. "It's Doug's ability to teach it, plus his play-calling. I don't know how he does it. He's uncanny. He sees something the rest of us don't."

Against New Mexico, Scovil took what the Lobos gave him. A milestone of sorts was reached early in the third quarter when he ordered the Aztecs to run on three straight plays, the only time all year that such a pedestrian thing had happened. (Not surprisingly, Scovil is a tennis player. In golf, you see, the ball rolls on the ground too much.)

When the coach went to BYU the Cougars were coming off a 6–5 record, but with Scovil they were 9–3 and WAC co-champions. They haven't surrendered the title since. At San Diego State, Scovil finds himself in a similar situation. The Aztecs for years were a passing powerhouse—producing quarterbacks like Brian Sipe, Dennis Shaw and Don Horn, as well as wide receivers Isaac Curtis and Haven Moses. Last year, however, the club disintegrated, losing eight of its first nine games. The team had its lowest offensive output in 20 years, and attendance dropped by 15,000 a game.

Now P.R. types are blaring the theme: "*The Pass Is Back* in the Aztec Attack." And this week, to celebrate the club's first home game with powerful Iowa State, there will be a postgame fireworks display. Scovil and pyrotechnics seem to go together.

Early in the game against New Mexico it looked as if San Diego would be exploding again as Kofler hit on four of his first five passes. Then the Lobos started swarming all over him. In fact, in the third quarter they chased him right out of the end zone for a safety.

Afterward Scovil was thankful for small favors, and he was feeling a bit awkward about his team's total offense of 117 yards. Said he, "It looks as if we're going to have to go back to the drawing board." Make that bomb bay.

THE WEEK

SOUTHWEST TCU hadn't defeated Arkansas since 1958, and had lost 22 in a row to its Southwest Conference rival. And so, with 5:20 to go and TCU trailing 24–13 and pushed back to its own one-yard line, many of the 30,313 Horned Frog followers at Amon G. Carter Stadium headed for home. But, if they had turned on their car radios, they would have learned what they had missed. First, Quarterback Steve Stamp got TCU out of safety territory by connecting with Phillip Epps on back-to-back passes that advanced the Frogs to the Arkansas 47. Then Stamp turned his attention to Stanley Washington, the nation's leading receiver, who up to that point had been double-teamed and held without a reception. Stamp found Washington first for 20 yards and on the next play for 22 yards and a touchdown. Then, after a fumble recovery, Stamp hit Washington on a 15-yard scoring pass for a 28–24 TCU win.

In another Southwest Conference shocker, Houston (3–1) whipped defending champion Baylor 24–3. David Barrett, who had had only eight carries this season, came off the bench to rush for 104 yards and a touchdown on 25 carries; sophomore Quarterback Lionel Wilson, making his second college start, completed 12 of his 17 pass attempts for 142 yards and another Cougar TD. But the big difference was Houston's defense. Led by Leo Truss, who made eight unassisted tackles, forced a fumble and had a sack, the Cougars just about shut down the Bears' Walter Abercrombie—he had 34 yards on 11 carries—and squashed two first-quarter Baylor drives, including one that had gotten to about the Cougars' one-foot line. "Baylor has our conference trophy," said Truss. "And we want it back."

Texas A&M beat Texas Tech 24–23, and Rice earned its first victory, 20–16, over winless Tulane—in a game in which Tulane tried three onside kicks and the Owls fielded them all. The SWC's two remaining undefeated teams, Texas and SMU, were idle.

Also unbeaten is Southern Mississippi, which walloped Texas-Arlington 52–9.

WEST Marcus Allen of USC rushed for 233 yards in 35 carries and set two NCAA records during a 56–22 Pac-10 romp at Oregon State. Marcus' marks: He became the first collegian to run for more than 200 yards in four straight games, and his 925 yards in those opening games surpassed the 905 by Greg Pruitt of Oklahoma a decade ago.

"What makes me feel better than setting the records is knowing the guys blocking for me are working their tails off to help me," Allen said. "I can't afford to take them out to dinner, but I might cook for them myself. I can cook everything."

Last Saturday he diced, chopped, minced and shredded defenders for almost three quarters and then sat out the fourth. On the first Trojan scoring drive, in which USC went 65 yards in six rushing plays, Allen ran five times for 56 yards, the final 30 for the touchdown. He later scored on runs of eight and 13 yards as the Trojans gained 407 of their 541 yards on the ground.

If there is anything Arizona State enjoys, it's sun. It isn't without good reason that its teams are called the Sun Devils. When they faced Washington last year in Seattle there was a downpour, one in which they took a 25–0 soaking. When the two teams met last week the weather was atypical for the locale—the Seattle sky was clear and aglow with sunshine, but this time the Huskies got their previously unbeaten hides tanned 26–7. Something else unexpected was the field-goal kicking. Chuck Nelson of Washington, who was hoping to establish an NCAA record by booting a three-pointer for the 15th game in a row, missed on a 46-yarder in the opening

continued

period. That was the only shot Nelson got. Arizona State freshman Luis Zendejas, however, put the ball over the crossbar from 39, 30, 24 and 42 yards out.

Washington State, which the week before had beaten Arizona State 24–21, upped its record to 4–0 by blowing out Pacific 31–0 in a non-conference matchup. That avenged the Cougars' 24–22 loss to the Tigers last season. It was the Cougars' best start since 1930, when they went to the Rose Bowl.

Stanford, which would have surprised few forecasters if *it* were 4–0, continued to confound the experts and oddsmakers by losing at Arizona 17–13. That made the Cardinals an inglorious 0–4. The Wildcats trailed 13–10 with five minutes remaining when they gambled on a fourth-and-four at the Stanford 42. Arizona got not only the four yards, it got all 42, on a pass from Tailback Brian Holland to Flanker Bob Carter, who rumbled the final 15 for a touchdown.

Four field goals by Norm Johnson, the passing of Tom Ramsey and a rugged defense led by Tackle Irv Eatman carried UCLA past Colorado 27–7. Johnson accounted for the first four scores with field goals of 30, 41, 31 and 44 yards. Ramsey passed for 258 yards and two touchdowns as he made good on 15 of 25 attempts. And the 6′ 6¼″, 260-pound Eatman was the Bruin who led to the ruin of Randy Essington of the Buffaloes. In three previous games, Essington had passed for 770 yards while completing 61% of his throws. This time he was limited to 54 yards as he missed on 15 of his 25 passes. Although Eatman was credited with only four tackles, he hounded Essington all afternoon and personally broke up five passes.

With passing whiz Jim McMahon of Brigham Young sidelined by injured knees, Utah State showed up in Provo with high hopes for a victory in this out-of-conference matchup. The Aggies, using well-executed misdirection passes and draws, almost pulled it off. When it was all over, though, they were 32–26 losers and the Cougars had stretched their winning streak to 17 games, the nation's longest. Utah State drove 65 yards in the first quarter and took a 7–0 lead when Chico Canales teamed up with Nate Jones on a 14-yard touchdown pass. That marked the first time BYU had trailed this season. With Canales throwing two more scoring passes, the Aggies continued to make it a battle. Sophomore Steve Young, a great-great-great-grandson of Brigham Young, who took over at quarterback for McMahon, did a great, great, great job, completing 21 of 40 passes for 307 yards and one touchdown and rushing 18 times for another 63 yards. But he was also sacked six times for minus 46 yards. The play that made the difference came with 3:30 to go when BYU Linebacker Todd Shell picked off a Canales screen pass at the Aggie 10 and took the ball into the end zone.

SI TOP 20

1. TEXAS (3–0)	1 *
2. USC (4–0)	2
3. PENN STATE (3–0)	3
4. N. CAROLINA (4–0)	4
5. PITT (3–0)	5
6. MICHIGAN (3–1)	8
7. BYU (5–0)	11
8. GEORGIA (3–1)	12
9. ALABAMA (4–1)	13
10. SMU (4–0)	14
11. CLEMSON (4–0)	15
12. MISSOURI (4–0)	16
13. MIAMI (3–1)	17
14. OKLAHOMA (1–1–1)	7
15. OHIO STATE (3–1)	5
16. IOWA ST. (3–0–1)	—
17. IOWA (3–1)	18
18. UCLA (3–1)	20
19. MISS. STATE (3–1)	10
20. ARIZONA ST. (3–1)	—

* Last week

When it came to wingdingers, San Jose State's 65–33 Pacific Coast AA triumph over Fresno State took the cake. Spartan Quarterback Steve Clarkson set a school record with six touchdown passes, and senior Wide Receiver Stacey Bailey broke the San Jose State mark for career receptions as he raised his total to 111. Among myriad other statistics were these: a combined 998 yards gained, 558 by the Spartans; Clarkson passed for 426 yards by completing 22 of 37 throws; and there were 35 penalties, San Jose State being assessed 135 yards and Fresno State 194.

MIDWEST Behind pass-happy attacks, Florida State rocked Ohio State 36–27 and Illinois stunned Minnesota 38–29. And so, in the fourth week of the season, the Big Ten was without a single undefeated team.

"Our plan was to throw on every down, if necessary," said Florida State Coach Bobby Bowden, "throw underneath the coverage because their young secondary and linebackers drop very deep to protect." Quarterback Rick Stockstill followed Bowden's game plan to the letter, completing 25 of 41 passes for 299 yards and two touchdowns. But also credit the Seminole defense. Leading 30–21 in the third quarter but with Ohio State first-and-goal from the Florida State two-yard line, the Seminoles shut the Buckeyes down cold. All told, Bowden's defense, which had given up a dismal 464 yards on the ground to Nebraska two weeks before, held the Buckeyes to 38 yards in 31 rushes. In attendance at Ohio Stadium was Florida Governor Robert Graham, whom the Seminoles have adopted as a good-luck mascot. Afterward, Bowden—whose team faces Notre Dame, Pittsburgh and Miami in the next five weeks—kidded Graham, "You're booked for the rest of the season; we ain't letting you go."

Meanwhile, Illinois Coach Mike White, who has been saying the Illini need to establish a running game, is no longer so sure after Tony Eason threw for 330 yards and three touchdowns against Minnesota. The yardage was the most ever for an Illini quarterback, except Eason's immediate predecessor, Dave Wilson. "Looks like the days of trying to impress folks with our running game are over," White said. "We're back to the old offense."

Purdue's air tactics backfired against Wisconsin, which scored all of its points in the last quarter in beating the Boilermakers 20–14. Purdue led 7–0 and was on the Wisconsin 18-yard line when Badger Safety Matt Vaden Boom made a diving interception of a Scott Campbell pass. Wisconsin then drove 69 yards for a field goal and, following a Purdue fumble, marched 38 yards for the go-ahead touchdown, Fullback Dave Mohapp ramming in from the five. Wisconsin, which has already defeated Michigan, next meets Ohio State.

Also surprising—and alive in the Big Ten race—is Iowa, which has gone without a winning season since 1961. The Hawkeyes raised their season record to 3–1 by drubbing Northwestern 64–0. Glenn Buggs returned the opening kickoff 77 yards to the Northwestern 18; three plays later Eddie Phillips scored on a 12-yard run and the rout was on. By midway through the third period, Iowa Coach Hayden Fry had used all of his bench. For Northwestern, the loss was its 24th in a row.

Michigan fumbled away the ball on its first possession against Indiana, but during the rest of the first half the Wolverines scored each time they got the ball en route to a 38–17 victory. In all, Michigan made good on 14 of 16 third-down plays, including the first 11, and ran 84 plays to Indiana's 54. Poor Indiana. After being stung by USC's Marcus Allen and Syracuse's Joe Morris in its two previous games, the Hoosiers had to contend with another outstanding back, Butch Woolfolk, who finished with 176 yards on 26 carries. "I hope this game is an example of what the rest of the season will be like," said Woolfolk.

Notre Dame and Nebraska, both with disappointing 1–2 season records, played lights-out defense to get back on a winning track. After Notre Dame defeated Michigan State 20–7, Coach Jerry Faust quipped, "I had a ticket ready for China."

With Phil Carter out of the game in the first quarter because of an ankle sprain, Faust called on sophomore Tailback Greg Bell, and Bell rang up 165 yards and two touchdowns in 20 carries. Even more impressive, the Irish held Michigan State to 21 yards rushing—

continued

1981 U.S. Gov't Report:



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the lone Spartan score coming on a 63-yard bomb from Bryan Clark to Daryl Turner. Nebraska gave up only 55 yards on the ground while beating Auburn 17–3. Led by defensive ends Jimmy Williams and Tony Felici, the Cornhuskers also forced 10 Auburn fumbles, recovering five of them. Between them, Williams and Felici had 18 unassisted tackles, four quarterback sacks and a fumble recovery. "I'm just pleased we won," sighed Coach Tom Osborne.

Oklahoma, which had five turnovers in its loss to USC two weeks ago, had seven against Iowa State—but the Sooners escaped with a 7–7 tie. The workhorse for Iowa State was Dwayne Crutchfield, who ran for 171 yards and the Cyclone touchdown in 43 carries. The rest of the Iowa State backfield had 13 carries. With 1:08 to play, Iowa State's Alex Giffords attempted a 23-yard field goal, but the kick was wide to the right. "We didn't even deserve the tie," seethed Sooner Coach Barry Switzer.

Drake beat Long Beach State 18–7, its fifth win without a loss and best start in 24 seasons. And Kansas, which must do without star Running Back Kerwin Bell (torn ligaments in his left knee) for the rest of the season, nevertheless got its fourth victory, 17–16 over Arkansas State. The Jayhawks already have as many wins as they had all of last season. Tulsa, a loser of four previous games by a total of 12 points, beat Kansas State 35–21.

EAST Before facing Navy, Yale Coach Carmen Cozza said, "This game is more important than just another nonleague game. It's Navy against the whole Ivy League and we really want to do well." His reasoning was that Yale might save some face for all the Ivies that had collectively embarrassed the league a week earlier by losing seven of eight games against non-conference opponents. Yale, a perennial Ivy power, hadn't defeated a non-Ivy foe of national prominence since it beat Army, 14–12, in 1955. Cozza's Bulldogs did well, indeed, upsetting Navy 23–19.

With Rich Diana, the nation's fourth-leading rusher, held to just 69 yards in 23 carries, Yale went to the air. Quarterback John Rogan completing 16 of 30 passes for 202 yards and three touchdowns, including the game-clincher, a 24-yard strike to Curtis Grieve with 3:19 to go. "Years from now," Rogan said, "this may be remembered as one of the alltime great Yale victories."

Elsewhere, however, the Ivy League lost all three games with non-conference foes. Harvard led Army 13–10 in the third quarter and had the Cadets pinned at their 21, third-and-14. But Army Quarterback Bryan Allem connected with Al Wynder on a 73-yard pass play. Three plays later Allem scored, giving the Cadets the lead, and they cruised to a 27–13 win. Cornell opened a 10–7 lead against Rutgers, but the Scarlet Knights scored two straight touchdowns—a one-yard plunge by Ted Bethune and a 17-yard pass play from Ralph Leek to Andrew Baker—en route to a 31–17 victory. Hopes never got a chance to soar in Hanover as Holy Cross's bruising running game overwhelmed Dartmouth 28–0. In intraleague play, Princeton upset Brown 20–17 behind the passing of Bob Holly, who threw for 319 yards and three touchdowns, and Columbia beat Penn 20–9, ending a 10-game losing streak.

After unbeaten Penn State trounced Temple 30–0, Owl Coach Wayne Hardin, a solid six-handicap golfer, said: "It was like me playing Jack Nicklaus." Boston College, routed 56–14 by North Carolina last week, was kicked around again, 38–10, by undefeated West Virginia.

SOUTH Missouri Coach Warren Powers had a modest explanation for his team's fourth win in as many games, a 14–3 upset of previously unbeaten Mississippi State. "Our defense played super," said Powers, "and our offense played great, and our special teams were tremendous." It didn't hurt, either, that the Bulldogs lost three fumbles and an interception and were penalized seven times for 45 yards. Tiger Fullback Bobby Meyer rushed for 122 yards and scored both Missouri touchdowns, one on a four-yard run, the other on a two-yard pass from Quarterback Mike Hyde, who completed 20 of 34.

Clemson, too, improved to 4–0 with the help of turnovers—five—as it beat Kentucky 21–3. The Tigers, who came back from a 3–0 halftime deficit, lead the nation in turnover margin, having 13 interceptions and 10 fumble recoveries while giving the ball away only seven times. "The harder you hit them, the harder it is for them not to fumble," explained Clemson Linebacker Danny Triplett, who had 12 tackles and an interception. The Wildcats got only 49 yards rushing on 39 attempts. North Carolina was also 4–0 after a 28–7 rout of Georgia Tech, which was achieved despite Tailback Kelvin Bryant's being sidelined with a knee injury in the first quarter (*page 32*). Junior Tailback Cyrus Lawrence of Virginia Tech, on the other hand, kept on rolling, rushing for 179 yards in a school-record 42 carries, and bulling across from the one-yard line to score the winning TD with 2:55 left as the Gobblers beat Memphis State 17–13. Lawrence has run for 535 yards on 102 carries this year.

Pittsburgh was so dominant in winning its third game without a loss, 42–28 over South Carolina, that it got yanked off TV midway through the second quarter, ABC switched to the Missouri-Mississippi State game. Quarterback Dan Marino completed 24 of 39 passes for 346 yards and six touchdowns—the latter breaking Matt Cavanaugh's school record by one—while the Panther defense held the Gamecocks to minus 52 yards rushing. Still, Carolina Coach Jim Carlen, whose Gamecocks suffered their worst home defeat since 1974, wasn't all that impressed. "I don't think they've got a running attack, and it's going to catch up with them," he said. Pitt Defensive Tackle Phil Puzzuoli, who called Gamecock Guard Cas Danielowski "the best holder in college football today," engaged in a third-quarter brawl with Danielowski, after which the officials ejected both.

Alabama rolled up 396 yards rushing in a 38–7 victory over Mississippi, the Crimson Tide's 53rd consecutive win at Tuscaloosa's Bryant-Denny Stadium. Alabama hasn't lost there since Oct. 12, 1963. The victory ended a difficult week for Coach Bear Bryant, whose staff had been accused of unfair treatment of black players in an article in *The Atlanta Constitution*. The story quoted two unnamed players as complaining about the publicity given the disciplining of blacks. "I hate to tell them, but we're all red around here," responded Linebacker Robbie Jones, a black. Miami, a 48–16 winner over Vanderbilt, yielded 281 passing yards to the Commodores' freshmen quarterbacks, Ardell Fuller and Kurt Page, but limited Vandy to 11 yards on the ground while rushing for 243.

Florida Coach Charlie Pell called the Gators' 24–10 win at LSU his most gratifying ever, last year the Tigers had knocked off Pell's then-unbeaten team in the fourth game of the season and halted what might have been a run at the national title. Senior Placekicker Brian Clark bettered David Posey's Florida record for career field goals (33) by hitting on kicks of 22, 30 and 39 yards to give him 34. In North Carolina State's 30–24 victory over winless Virginia, Tailback Larmount Lawson piled up 112 yards on 23 carries, and freshman Vince Evans ran for 93 and two third-quarter TDs. Syracuse saved its heroics for the last minute. With 16 seconds remaining, Dave Warner tossed a 10-yard scoring pass to Wide Receiver Willie Sydnor, then found Tight End Marty Chalk for a two-point conversion to pull out a 17–17 tie with Maryland. **END**

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Dan Marino, Pittsburgh's 6′ 4″, 215-pound junior quarterback, threw six touchdown passes in the Panthers' 42–28 defeat of South Carolina. In all, Marino completed 24 of 39 attempts for 346 yards.

DEFENSE: Fred Leone, Yale's 6′ 2″, 217-pound senior defensive end and team captain, made 12 tackles, including three quarterback sacks for minus 32 yards, and three fumble recoveries in the Bulldogs' 23–19 upset of Navy.



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by Anthony Cotton



While Ainge's defense never rested against Virginia last season, his offense caught the pro scouts' eyes

The courting of Danny Ainge

A jury ruled that his contract with the Toronto Blue Jays was binding, but Danny said baseball was out, and if Red Auerbach has his way the Boston Celtics will be in

Given his last memorable foray on a basketball court, was there ever any doubt that Toronto Blue Jay Third Baseman Danny Ainge would perform some last-minute sleight-of-hand and deftly emerge from a U.S. District Court in New York last week as a Boston Celtic point guard?

Well, nobody's perfect. Let the record show that the jury hearing the case between the Blue Jays and the Celtics for Ainge's services, wasn't the least bit impressed by Boston's argument. Last spring his endline-to-endline, last-second sprint and layup eliminated Notre Dame from the NCAA tournament, but last week's 180-degree turn, full-court dash failed to carry the day. And now Ainge finds himself not a BYU star, not a Toronto phenom—nor, alas, a Celtic rookie—but just Danny Ainge, homebody.

While the Blue Jays were finishing their season in Seattle and the Celtics were opening their training camp in Brookline, Mass., last week Ainge's physical exertions were restricted to swatting imaginary racquet and golf balls in the halls outside Judge Lee P. Gagliardi's courtroom. And because of last Friday's decision, for now there will be little more than that. The four-man, two-woman panel decided that the Toronto contract Ainge signed in September, 1980 hadn't been orally rescinded by Blue Jay President Peter Bavasi or Vice-President Pat Gillick, as Ainge claimed, and that the Celtics, who made Ainge their third pick (the 31st player overall) at the NBA draft on June 9, were guilty of contract interference for negotiating with Ainge.

How long Ainge continues to play imaginary games instead of real ones depends upon how long it takes Boston to whittle down Toronto's settlement figure—the Blue Jays had asked for $1 million—that would release Ainge from his three-year, $525,000 contract. Even with the Jays' improved bargaining position, the buy-out should be closer to half a million.

The Blue Jays officially cling to the slim hope that Ainge, who voluntarily retired from baseball on Sept. 24, will change his mind and report to the club next spring. But Ainge has already scotched that notion. "As far as I'm concerned, I'm not a part of the Toronto Blue Jays," he says. "I'm going home to Utah to get in shape for basketball. I'm retired from baseball."

To be sure, the finality with which these words were spoken echoed Ainge's previous commitment to baseball right up to June 10, when he told Bavasi he wanted to switch back to basketball.

What happened? "When I signed the contract I was sure I wanted to play baseball, but it was too early," Ainge says now. "I should have waited until after my senior year. I never imagined I would have the kind of year that I did [24.4 points per game] My thinking was that I was stuck in a bad situation for three years and I should try and make the most out of it. I know I told a lot of people I was going to play baseball, but there's a difference between saying, 'I have a contract to play baseball,' and 'I have a contract to play baseball but I really don't want to,' which is how I felt."

As long ago as last March, Ainge had hinted that he would play basketball

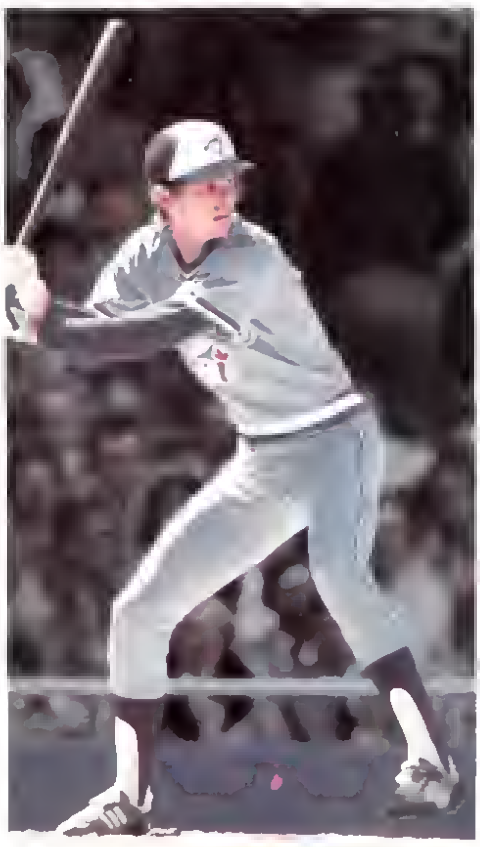
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again. During the NCAA finals in Philadelphia, he told SI's Jack McCallum: "I've failed at things before. I think I've failed at baseball the last three years. I've set goals for myself, and I haven't come close to them. If I keep failing for a certain period of time, I'll definitely try something else. Basketball? Probably." If Boston president and general manager Red Auerbach needed additional incentive to pursue Ainge, that kind of talk could have provided it.

The Blue Jays then sent letters to all 23 NBA teams before the draft in an attempt to dissuade them from wasting a draft pick on an athlete who obviously wanted to play baseball.

Auerbach, of course, wouldn't take no for an answer. He has a recent reputation for drafting expertise which rivals that of the Dallas Cowboys' Gil Brandt, and he saw in Ainge a perfect Celtic: a quick, tenacious guard who could run all day and shoot all night. Even though the Celtics won the NBA title last year, starting guards Nate Archibald and Chris Ford were perceived as being the team's weak link, and they aren't kids anymore, either.



Ainge was mostly no hit, good field for the Jays

The added intangible of Ainge's skin color is perhaps more important in Boston than in any other NBA town. Boston was the scene of some ugly racial confrontations in the middle '70s, and the racial makeup of its sports teams is watched as closely as the box scores.

Apparently Ainge had been reading his own line in the Jays' box scores just as closely and saw the need to try another sport. Entering the '81 season, Ainge had hit but .239 in 419 major league at bats over parts of three seasons. However, Gillick and others felt that the numbers would improve over the course of a full season. They didn't. Ainge finished this year hitting .187 with no home runs, 14 RBIs and only eight extra-base hits. What with his season-long slump, minor injuries and the legal situation, Ainge has been ineffective since early September. "It's obvious I wasn't having a successful career," he says.

While the consensus among major league scouts is that Ainge was rushed to the majors by Toronto, there is doubt that things would ever get a lot better. "I don't like him too much," says Rick Ferrell, a scout for the Detroit Tigers. "I don't think he'll hit enough. He doesn't throw too good at third base. He doesn't have power."

Ferrell and other scouts concede that Ainge has speed, which, along with an accurate jump shot, heads-up play and light pigmentation, is what has NBA people practically drooling. "We use a scale of five in grading a player, and Ainge got a four in field-goal shooting, free-throw shooting, ball handling, passing, speed and aggressiveness, a three-plus in rebounding and a three in defense," says NBA scouting consultant Marty Blake. "To give you an idea of how good a four is, we gave out only one five all last year." (St. Louis University's David Burns got a five for speed and was drafted by the New Jersey Nets.) Blake says that no one received a four for his defensive work, which doesn't surprise Pete Newell, who coached a national champion at California and is now the talent consultant of the Golden State Warriors. "He plays D like most college kids—very little," says Newell. "But there's no doubt that he has a tremendous future in the league, especially compared to baseball." The baseball/basketball conflict has occurred before, most recently in the cases of the Celtics' Gene Conley and the Knicks' Dave DeBusschere, both of whom gave up pitching careers. But that was before the NBA season lasted until Father's Day, as it does now.

According to testimony at the trial, Ainge told Bavasi of his intention to pursue basketball on June 10 in Toronto—and asked for permission to join the Celtics. Ainge said Bavasi told him, "You have to do what you have to do," and that "no contract could make a man do what he doesn't want to do." The next day, Ainge said, Blue Jay Coach Bobby Doerr and Gillick repeated those sentiments and said he shouldn't worry about his contract, which includes a clause banning Ainge from playing pro basketball. That clause was sweetened by a $300,000 bonus, of which Ainge collected the last payment, $120,000, in August. Ainge offered to return the entire bonus.

The two conversations, the Celtics contended, were tantamount to the Blue Jays' giving Ainge his release from baseball. Toronto, on the other hand, countered that the things told Ainge were merely personal statements made by stunned men, who, according to Bavasi's testimony, likened the situation to "an ailing wife being left behind by her husband for some blonde floozy from Boston."

After 1½ hours of deliberation, the jury ruled that there was no rescission and that the contract was still valid. After the trial Bavasi lit up a large cigar, mocking Auerbach, and said, "There's one minute to go and we're 20 points ahead. As far as I'm concerned, Danny Ainge is a member of the Toronto Blue Jays, and until I'm absolutely convinced he's not, I'm not speaking to Auerbach or anyone else in their organization."

Right now the Celtics aren't too thrilled about dealing with the Blue Jays, either. "The thing is, they don't even want him and he doesn't want to be there, but we shouldn't have to buy their franchise to get him," says Boston Vice-President Jan Volk.

As Danny Ainge sits at home in Provo, the only question seems to be which team can hold out the longest: Boston, which would dearly love to have Ainge's skills at point guard, or Toronto, which claims it won't have to pay the remainder of Ainge's guaranteed contract if he doesn't play. One person who probably doesn't care either way is Austin Daniel Ainge. Austin was born the day after the Blue Jay-Celtic trial started and didn't get to see his daddy until after the jury's decision four days later. **END**



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This was the year in which the national pastime became the national part-time, victim of a seven-week strike that split the season into ill-conceived Parts I and II. No team led its division for both halves, though San Diego and Toronto finished last twice. Most pained were the Reds, whose combined 66–42 record was the majors' best, and the Cardinals, whose 59–43 would have won the National League East. Neither even made it to the mini-playoffs. Much of the gloss was lost from individual statistics, too. Prorating their figures over a full season, Mike Schmidt of the Phillies would have had 47 homers and 138 RBIs, Fernando Valenzuela of the Dodgers would have had a rookie-record 265 strikeouts, Rollie Fingers of the Brewers would have set an alltime mark with 42 saves and rookie Tim Raines of the Expos would have had 107 stolen bases, the second-highest total ever.

AMERICAN LEAGUE WEST

Oakland (4–1) started the season with 11 wins and was 18–3 for April, both major league marks. Although assured a postseason berth, the Royals (4–2) still had to play a makeup doubleheader with Cleveland Monday—and win one game to finish on top in Part II.

"I get mad sometimes because it seems the motto around here is: 'Winning is great, but losing's not so bad, either,' " said Jim Sundberg of the Rangers (5–1). Texas came in third with the help of Charlie Hough, a reliever for years, who won four starts in three weeks.

The Hubert H. Humphrey Metrodome will be home for the Twins (1–5) next year. Doug Corbett had 17 saves, and rookie Dave Engle a 15-game hitting streak.

Chicago (3–3), with newly acquired hitters who pounded the ball, led the West on May 30. But then the sluggers turned sluggish.

A fifth-place in Part II was the highest the five-year-old Mariners (2–4) have ever finished. Tom Paciorek hit .326 and Richie Zisk .311.

Bobby Grich of the Angels (3–3) recovered from a broken hand suffered on June 6 to tie for the league homer title with 22. It was only the fourth time a second baseman has led a league in home runs. The last in the NL was Rogers Hornsby in 1925 (39 homers) and the last in the AL was Nap Lajoie in 1901 (13).

AMERICAN LEAGUE EAST

Money, money, money. Reggie Jackson of the Yankees (1–4), who this season became a second-class millionaire in comparison with Dave Winfield, spent quite a bit of time in recent weeks scooping up coins and bills tossed to him by fans participating in a bizarre fad. After one game he collected $82.56 in rightfield. As for Winfield, he earned roughly $9,000 a game while batting .294.

Milwaukee (4–2) locked up first place in the next-to-last game (*page 34*). When Kirk Gibson of the Tigers (2–4) wasn't hitting tape-measure home runs, he was beating out deft bunts to bat .328. Carney Lansford of the Red Sox (3–3) became the first righthanded hitter to win the league batting title since 1970.

THE INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONS

	AMERICAN LEAGUE		NATIONAL LEAGUE	
BATTING				
Average	Lansford, Bos.	.336	Madlock, Pitt.	.341
Runs	Henderson, Oak.	89	Schmidt, Phil.	78
RBIs	Murray, Balt.	78	Schmidt, Phil.	91
Hits	Henderson, Oak.	135	Rose, Phil.	140
Homers	Grich, Cal.	22	Schmidt, Phil.	31
	Armas, Oak.	22		
	Murray, Balt.	22		
	Evans, Bos.	22		
Steals	Henderson, Oak.	56	Raines, Mont.	71
PITCHING				
Wins	Vuckovich, Mil.	14	Seaver, Cin.	14
	Morris, Det.	14		
	D. Martinez, Balt.	14		
	McCatty, Oak.	14		
ERA	McCatty, Oak.	2.32	Ryan, Hous.	1.69
Strikeouts	Barker, Clev.	127	Valenzuela, L.A.	180
Saves	Fingers, Mil.	28	Sutter, St.L.	25

For the 20th year in a row the league had a new RBI champ, Eddie Murray of Baltimore (4–2). The last repeater was Roger Maris in 1960-61. Len Barker pitched a perfect game for Cleveland (3–2) in May, but after that was an imperfect 5–6. Dave Stieb's 11–10 record and 3.18 ERA were the best ever achieved by a Toronto (1–4) pitcher with more than 150 innings.

NATIONAL LEAGUE WEST

Houston (3–4) walked to the Part II title, drawing 11 bases on balls, three with the bases loaded, during a critical 8–1 victory in Cincinnati. Nolan Ryan went the route and pared his ERA to 1.69, the league's second-lowest—Bob Gibson had a 1.12 in 1968—since Carl Hubbell's 1.66 in 1933. Second to Ryan was Bob Knepper, whose 2.18 was 1.45 below his career figure. Don Sutton (2.60) was lost for postseason play when a pitch fractured his right kneecap.

The Reds (3–4) can cry all they want about their overall record being the best in baseball, but when a playoff spot was on the line last week they blew their chance, finishing second by 1½ games. Tom Seaver was 14–2, and his winning percentage of .875 was the best in 30 years by an NL starting pitcher.

Fernando Valenzuela of L.A. (3–4) began as if he would set more records than all the Ryans and Seavers combined—five shutouts in his first seven starts. Valenzuela had an 8–0 record and 0.50 ERA; the rest of the way he was 5–7 and 3.68. Burt Hooton (2.28) and Jerry Reuss (2.30) had ERAs lower than Valenzuela's 2.48.

Greg Minton gave the Giants (3–4) a lift by setting a club record with 21 saves. The bullpen ace for Atlanta (4–3) was Rick Camp with 17 saves, nine wins and a 1.78 ERA. The Braves had

continued



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two players with nursery-rhyme names. Homer and Hubbard. Bob Horner sat in a corner most of the year, but last week slugged six homers and hit .500. Glenn Hubbard's cupboard, though, was rather bare; he batted .235 for the season. The day after Gaylord Perry won the 297th game of his career, the Braves announced they were giving him his release.

Rookie Pitcher Chris Welsh felt the trouble with the Padres (5–2) was the lack of a "Pete Rose or Gary Carter" to provide leadership. "We had so many new, young players they were afraid to speak up." Nobody had to inspire the pitchers last week; they gave up only 12 runs in seven games.

NATIONAL LEAGUE EAST

Montreal (5–2) clinched first place on Saturday by overcoming a 3–0 deficit in New York and winning 5–4. Newcomer Wallace Johnson provided the biggest hit in Expo history by walloping a two-run triple in the seventh for a 4–3 lead. Steve Rogers also came through when it counted, blanking the Mets 3–0. Bill Lee, who bicycled to Olympic Stadium daily, and Woodie Fryman, the perennial winner of the cow-milking contest there, both pitched well down the stretch. And Gary Carter and Andre Dawson provided clutch hits all season. Philadelphia (4–3), which won Part I, had two late streakers as Lonnie Smith batted .571 last week and stretched his hitting skein to 23 games, while Mike Schmidt won his second straight RBI title and fifth home-run crown. Schmidt last week had three homers and 10 RBIs.

Whitey Herzog of the Cardinals (5–2), the game's only manager/general manager, made a series of blockbuster offseason trades, but couldn't do anything about crippling injuries.

Leon Durham, who hit .290, was the best player the Cubs (2–5) got from the Cardinals in the deal for Bruce Sutter. The Wrigley family, which controlled the club for three generations, sold out to the Tribune Company. Although Neil Allen had 18 saves, he couldn't preserve the New York (3–3) managerial job for Joe Torre, who was canned Sunday. Hubie Brooks' .307 average was the best for a rookie in either league.

For the first time in ages, the Pirates (3–5) weren't in contention. Dave Parker's .258 hitting made him trade bait, but Jason Thompson's .328 over the last 23 games took *him* off the block. **END**

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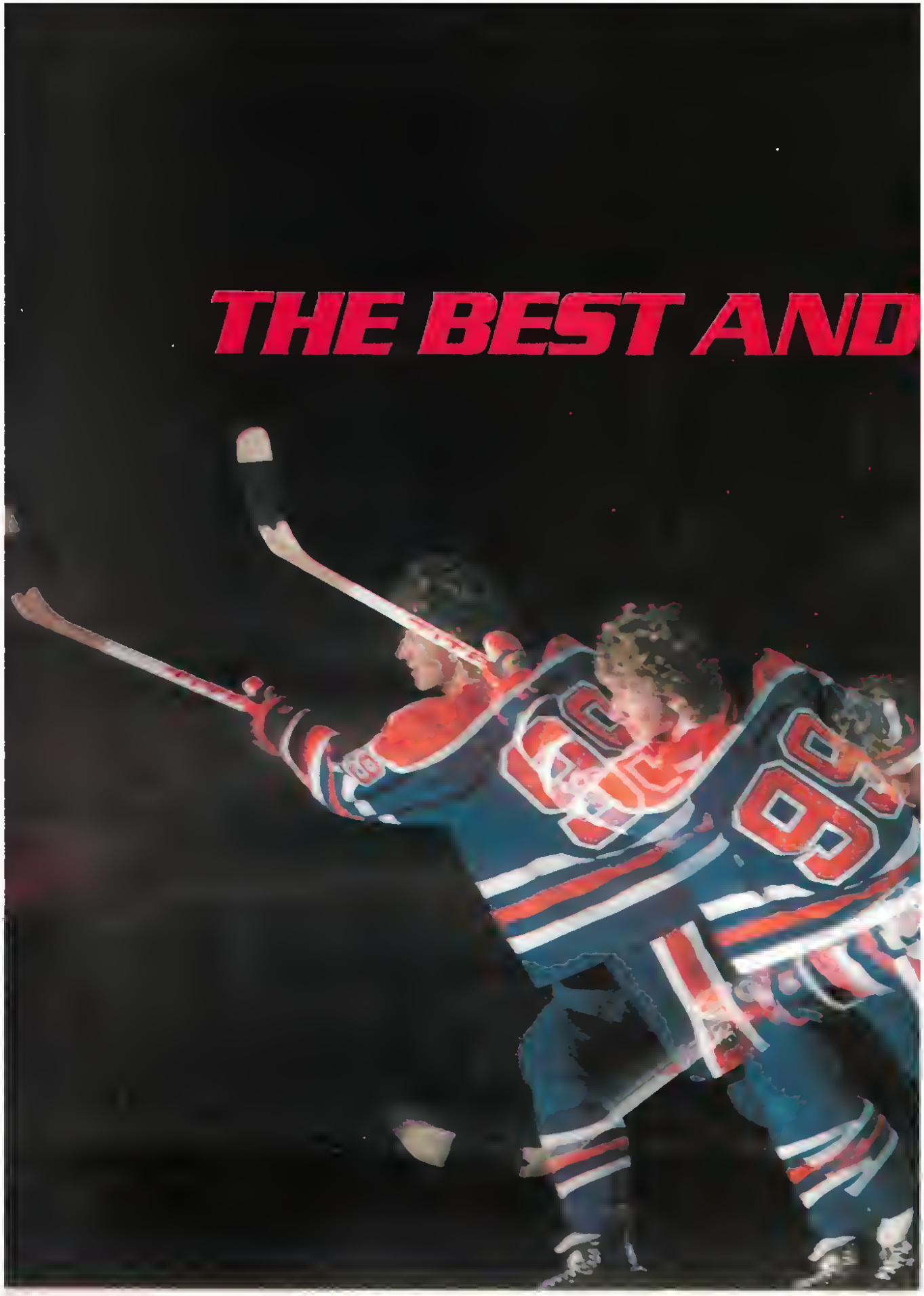
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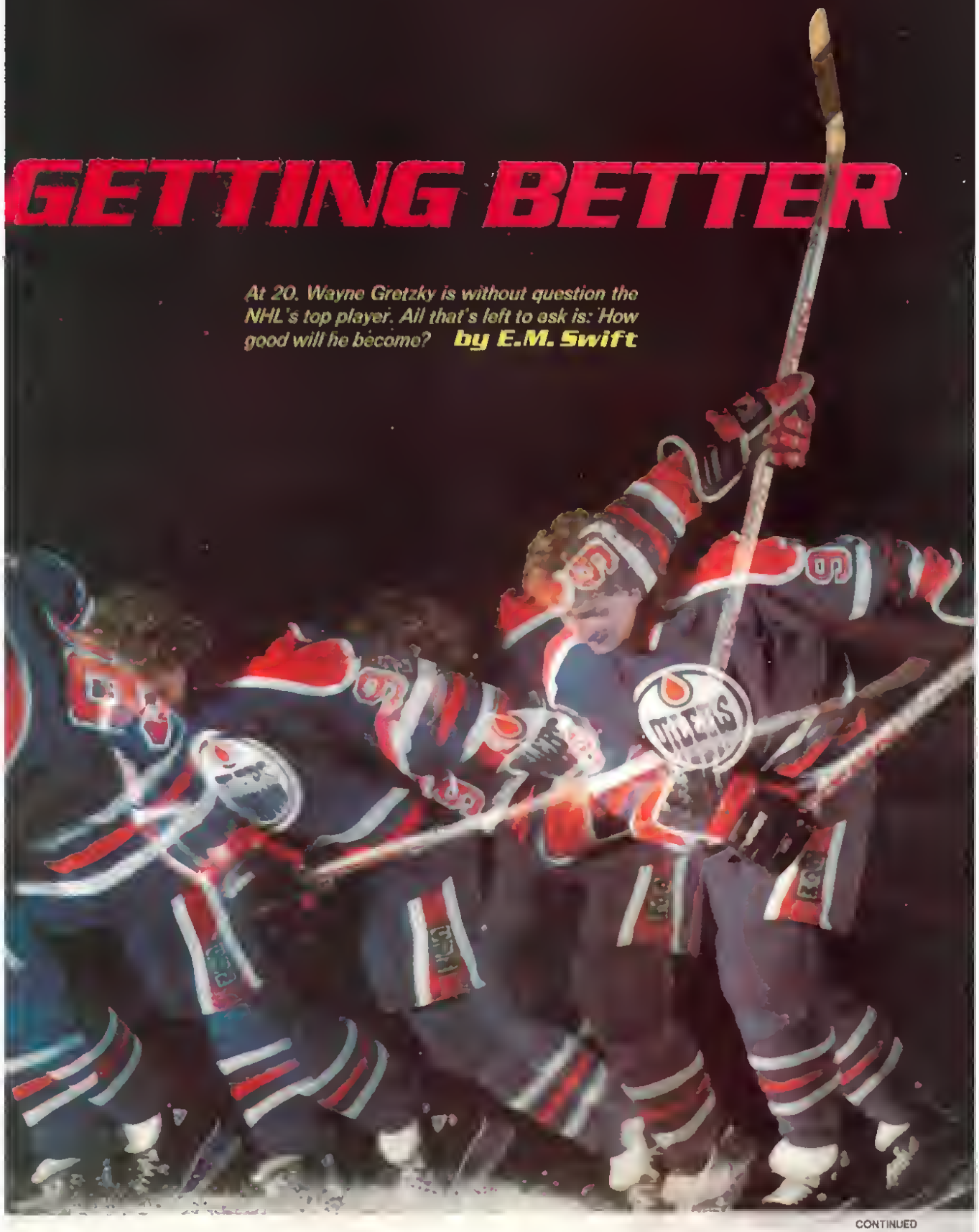
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THE BEST AND



GETTING BETTER

At 20, Wayne Gretzky is without question the NHL's top player. All that's left to ask is: How good will he become? **by E.M. Swift**



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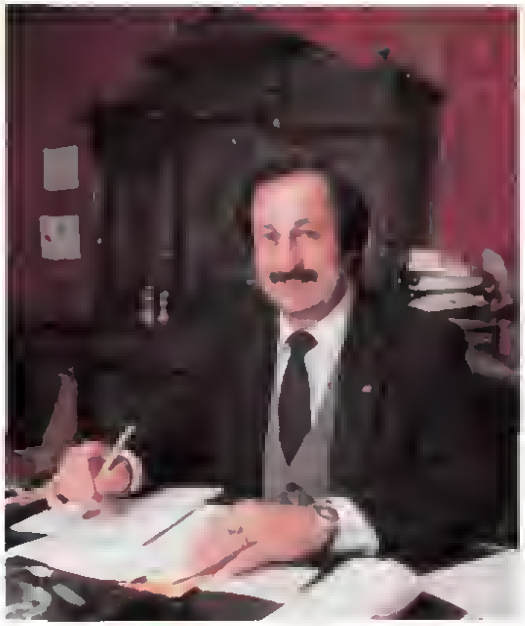
Wayne got his GWG genes from Walter and Phyllis, who in turn got their rec room filled with hardware.

Wayne Gretzky shares a 14th-floor two-bedroom condominium in Edmonton, Alberta with Kevin Lowe, a teammate on the Edmonton Oilers. Lowe has temporarily moved out so Gretzky's mother, Phyllis, and his 18-year-old sister, Kim, who are visiting from Brantford, Ontario, can stay with Wayne during the first week of the Canada Cup series. The night before, Team Canada, for whom Gretzky plays, won its first game, beating Finland 9–0. Today the team practiced at noon, and it has the afternoon off. Phyllis is sitting at one end of the living room couch, and Kim is sprawled at the other end, looking slightly catatonic. Gus Badali, Gretzky's agent and a friend of the family's, is seated across the room beside a stack of life-sized cardboard cutouts of the Boy Wonder himself modeling jeans, which are headed for clothing stores around Canada. A man from GWG jeans, the brand Gretzky endorses, sits near Badali. Gretzky is seated at his desk opening mail, and his girl friend, 19-year-old Vickie Moss, is bouncing off the walls, as usual. She's what's known as vivacious. It's a pretty good crowd for a weekday afternoon, but Gretzky is used to that. He likes gatherings. "I'm not big on independency," he says.

"So who wants to hear my song?" asks Vickie.

Everyone would like to, but no one is feeling chipper enough to make much of a fuss over the offer. Gretzky had a midnight curfew the night before, but his guests were all out on the town till four a.m. Drinking ice water seems to be their top priority. Badali finally gurgles, "I do." Phyllis and Kim are content just to rattle

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL KENNEDY



Badali watches over Gretzky's fame and fortune.

their ice cubes in concurrence.

This will never do. "Who wants to hear my song?" Vickie, a budding vocalist, demands. She's a very pretty girl, but she's also an accomplished arm wrestler, and this time there are five or six *I do*'s and half as many *please*'s. Vickie flashes an accommodating smile and turns on the tape, a fight song for the Edmonton Drillers soccer team that she recently recorded.

"Chalk up one more win for the Drillers," the song begins. Other lyrics encourage the Drillers goalward, and Vickie is singing along with herself, pretending to kick and block shots at the appropriate moments. It's a terrific little number, and if it's possible for a career to be launched by a soccer fight song, hers will be. When it's over she asks, "Want to hear it again?" and she's virtually bowled over with *I do*'s and *please*'s and the clicking of cubes.

Alan Thicke calls from Los Angeles. There isn't much news to be had there about the Canada Cup, and he wants to hear about the games. Thicke is sort of a Canadian Merv Griffin, and Wayne and Vickie were guests on his show this summer. Gretzky calls everyone older than he "Mister," and when he says "Mr. Thicke" over the phone, he makes Alan sound like a frozen milk shake. They talk hockey for a while. Then Mr. Thicke tells Gretzky about a funny thing that happened. Anne Murray, the singer, who's also Canadian, had called him that morning to find out if he had any amusing stories she could use for an upcoming concert. Mr. Thicke said he did. He tells Gretzky one. It must be a pretty good one because Gretzky is really tickled when he hangs up, and can't wait to relay it.

Problem is, Gretzky is a bad storyteller. He laughs all the way through his delivery, so when he gets to the punch line, it doesn't sound like a punch line. However, that doesn't keep him from trying. He's a game one and outgoing when relaxed. He has been like that ever since he was a kid—always ready with an answer, always striving to be the center of attention. This story has something to do with a supposed rumor that Murray wants to go out with Gretzky because she would like to find out what the "Great" stands for. That's what the GWG jeans people call him—The Great Wayne Gretzky. In the newspaper headlines it's usually THE GREAT GRETZKY. It has been like that since he was 16 years old. Now, at 20, he carries the title well.

It wasn't that the joke was so funny to Gretzky. It was the idea that Murray, the singer, and Thicke, the talk-show host, would casually refer to him in such a way—ho-hum, just another celebrity-rumor joke. Hockey players aren't used to that. Not since Bobby Orr came into the NHL in 1966 as an 18-year-old has anyone captured the imagination of hockey fans the way Gretzky has, and no one has appealed to the general public like Gretzky since Bobby Hull appeared on the cover of TIME in 1968. Gretzky, a center, is the most dangerous offensive player in the game, the most exciting, the most fun to watch. But he's more than that. He's The Kid. There has always been something special about that sobriquet, something that reaches out to everyone. The Kid. Someone who will grow up before our eyes.

"He's only 20, and he's torn the league apart two years in a row," says Red Berenson, coach of the St. Louis Blues. "It's scary to think what he might do before he's done."

Scary to Berenson, who must coach against Gretzky, but fun for the rest of us because we know, as good as he is now, that we haven't seen his best. There came a time with Orr, who's generally acknowledged to be the greatest hockey player of all time, when we knew "that's it, he can't show us any more, no

Keith (in goal) and Glen work out in the backyard where big brother learned the game.



continued

one can." The remaining question was, how long could he continue to play at such an extraordinary level? But with Gretzky, we still don't know what his best will be. We can't yet know just how many points this phenomenal performer will amass in a single season once he matures physically and his team matures around him. The Oilers are a young club. They have no other star. "The mystery about Gretzky is the things he has been able to do with the players he has had around him," says Bill Torrey, general manager of the New York Islanders. "Everything that happens when he's on the ice revolves around him. Either he's got the puck or the other team does."

What Gretzky did last year, his second in the NHL, was break Phil Esposito's single-season scoring record (152 points) and Orr's assist mark (102). Both had been set 10 years ago and had never been seriously threatened. Gretzky was 19 at the start of last season, 5′ 11″ and 165 pounds. He either scored or assisted on a staggering 50% of Edmonton's goals (when Esposito set his record, he was in on 38% of Boston's league-record 399 goals), finishing with 55 goals and 109 assists for 164 points. He became the first NHL player since 1917-18 to average more than two points a game, and he won his second Most Valuable Player award.

He had the type of year no one had thought possible, but most hockey experts now assume Gretzky will surpass it. No other star has ever had his best year when he was 19. Orr had his best at 22; Esposito at 28; Hull at 29. Why should Gretzky be any different? What might happen if he gets to play alongside another exceptional player, the way Esposito did with Orr? Edmonton has some of the best young players in the game, and one day they may be superb. What then? Will The Kid then stop being The Kid? Will we finally sit back and say, "So that's how good he really is" and start to worry about how long we will have him?

Gretzky played junior A hockey four years ago with a mediocre team called the Sault Ste. Marie Greyhounds. He already was a media sensation, a 16-year-old dazzling a league of 20-year-olds. He was polite, well-spoken and charming—rare traits in the hockey world—and the public and press ate him up. Kids identified with him because he was scrawny and not very fast. Yet he would go out there and stickhandle through all these hulking goons, fulfilling the fantasies of every boy who has ever picked up a hockey stick. It wasn't as if he had an incredible body like Hull's, or amazing grace like Orr's; Gretzky just kind of slithered by you or threaded a pass between your skates. But a lot of scouts had misgivings about him because 158-pound hockey players, which was what Gretzky weighed then, weren't in vogue. Slow 158-pound hockey players, especially.

Gretzky was never actually slow. He just looked it. "He never had to skate well," says his father, Walter, "because as a kid he could stay in the same place and beat a player three or four times." Walter, not surprisingly, is responsible for Wayne's remarkable early development. He had his son on the backyard rink before Wayne was three years old. He began teaching him fundamentals when Wayne was four. At six Wayne began playing in a league with 10-year-olds. The backyard rink wasn't just for yuks. Walter set up pylons and had Wayne practice crossovers and figure eights. He would throw a puck into the corner and tell Wayne to get it. After Wayne had chased several pucks around the boards, Walter would say, "Watch me." He'd throw it in again and skate to a spot where he could intercept the puck as it caromed around the boards. "I always told him, 'Skate to where the puck's going to be, not to where it has been,' " says Walter. "I've never believed that it's an instinctive thing that one kid anticipates better than another."

Gretzky's anticipation, whether innate or learned, has long been astounding; he always seemed to know what his opponent would do with the puck. And he knew exactly where everyone was on the ice. Ask him where his four teammates were on a given goal, and he could tell you. He also could tell you what they *should* have been doing if they were out of position. He and his father would watch hockey games together, and as they drove home, Walter, who never advanced beyond junior B hockey, would ask Wayne if he remembered such-and-such a play. Then they would talk about the options each skater had. Most coaches will tell you the most important trait a player can have is speed. Walter disagrees. "He has got to be aware of where everybody is all the time," Walter says. "His mind has to be like a camera. That's going to make his reaction time that much quicker."

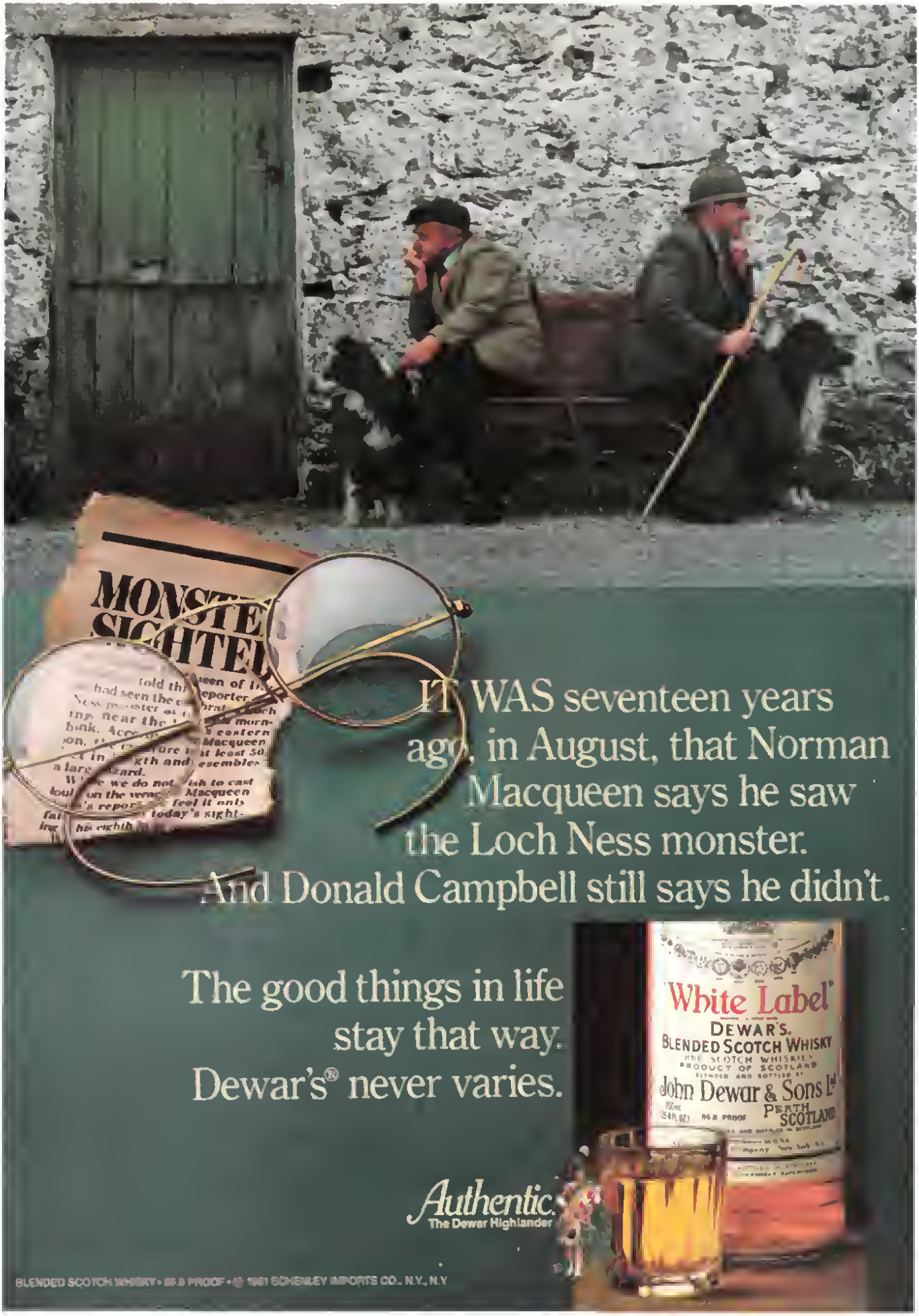
It's true. Gretzky always looks as if he has been given a head start when there's a race toward a loose puck. His anticipation makes him faster than he appears to be. Says Lou Nanne, general manager of the Minnesota North Stars, "Gretzky has to see the game five times slower than the average guy."

As a youngster Gretzky saw *life* five times slower than the average guy. He looked ahead. When Wayne was 16, nice-looking, famous and blessed with an imminently marketable talent, he could

continued

Gretzky endorses seven products, ranging from hockey sticks to throwaway Bics.




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Vickie sings for her supper and Wayne.

The Great Gretzky

continued

have gone out with just about any girl in Ontario. But he seldom even went on a date and never saw anyone special. He didn't drink, drive or smoke—not because he didn't want to but because there would be time for all that later.

"My father always told me to get what I wanted most and the rest [girls, cars, money, fame] would follow," he says. Gretzky was living on the straight and narrow; he knew exactly what he wanted and the quickest way to get it. Never mind what he was telling the press: that he was considering going to university instead of pursuing a hockey career. "Gretzky hesitates about a pro career for the finest of reasons—education," one story in the Toronto Star read. It was such obvious tripe: he already had Badali as an agent, for heaven's sake. You see, Gretzky had been in the public eye since he was eight, and he had learned to manipulate his image through the press.

Gretzky turned pro at 17, signing a four-year contract worth $875,000 with the Indianapolis Racers of the WHA. It was crazy, everyone thought, asking a 161-pound 17-year-old—Boy Wonder or not—to play in the pros. Lunacy.

Gretzky played eight games with the Racers before the club's financial troubles forced owner Nelson Skalbania to sell Gretzky's contract to Peter Pocklington, owner of the Oilers, for $850,000. Pocklington renegotiated Gretzky's contract, tying him up for nine years, with two six-year options—21 years in all. The agreement guarantees Gretzky somewhere around $300,000 a year.

Now that deal looks like a steal. "I didn't know I was going to get more than 50 goals each of my first two years in the NHL," says Gretzky. He's trying to renegotiate, though he isn't yet pushing the matter that hard. Glen Sather, the coach and general manager of the Oilers, points out that the Oilers took a risk in signing such a young player to a contract of such long duration. He recalls an incident in Gretzky's first pro season that convinced him The Kid was for real, that Gretzky had been worth the risk. It occurred in a game against the Cincinnati Stingers, when a defensive lapse by Gretzky cost Edmonton a goal. Sather benched him for more than a period and then, with the Oilers trailing 2–1, played him again in the third period. "He could have pouted and sulked," says Sather, "but when I put him back in, he scored a hat trick and we won 5–2. That to me was the turning point of his pro career. Not just anyone could keep his motivation with a contract like his. But he wants to be the best."

Gretzky finished the season with 110 points and was named WHA Rookie of the Year. Equally significant, he didn't miss a game. He had proved he could handle the faster pace and bigger players of the pro game. Still, when the NHL and WHA merged before the 1979-80 season, few observers believed Gretzky could duplicate his scoring totals in the NHL. The NHL had little respect for the upstart WHA, and it wasn't about to give some 18-year-old kid from an inferior league the benefit of the doubt. "Everybody said, 'He's scrawny; he'll never tear up this league the way he did the WHA,'" recalls Torrey. That was all Gretzky needed to hear.

Gretzky set a goal for himself: getting at least as many points in his first year in the NHL as he had in his WHA season. If he didn't, the NHL, the media and the public all would probably slight his accomplishments in the other league. Gretzky never doubted for a moment that he could achieve his goal, but even he was surprised at the kind of year he had in 1979-80. He tied for the league scoring championship with 137 points, won the Lady Byng Memorial Trophy as the NHL's most gentlemanly player and was named the league's MVP. Pocklington rewarded those efforts with a Ferrari. Gretzky's father had been right. The rest would follow.

Curiously, despite Gretzky's brilliant debut, most teams continued to defend against him last season as though he were simply another player. "I honestly believe there were still people around who thought of Wayne as a flash in the pan," says Sather. The result was Gretzky's record-shattering 164 points. The Kid was for real, all right.

But it was Gretzky's performance in the playoffs that convinced everyone he was more than just a scorer, that he was one of those rare players who can lift a team onto his shoulders and carry it upward. The Oilers finished the regular season in 14th place, with a 29–35–16 record. Their first-round playoff opponent was Montreal, which finished third and came into postseason play with a 24–1–2 record in its last 27 home games. The Canadiens were healthy, and Guy Lafleur, Montreal's leader, was eager to have an excellent series against Gretzky to atone for what had been for him a dismal season. The Canadiens' goalie, Richard Sevigny, went so far as to predict that Lafleur would put Gretzky "in his back pocket." That remark was a grievous error.

Gretzky reads everything written about him. I remember, in Sault Ste. Marie, when I was there writing about the 16-year-old Gretzky, a local reporter asked me what I thought of Gretzky's play. I said something to the effect that offensively he was peerless but defensively he had a long way to go. No one cared much about defense in junior hockey. The next game, Gretzky was the principal star, with a goal and a couple of assists in a 4–2 win. Afterward, as he walked by me, he asked slyly, "Good enough defense for you?" He had been flawless in his own end all night, and he was just proud enough to let me know it, in case I'd been too stupid to notice.

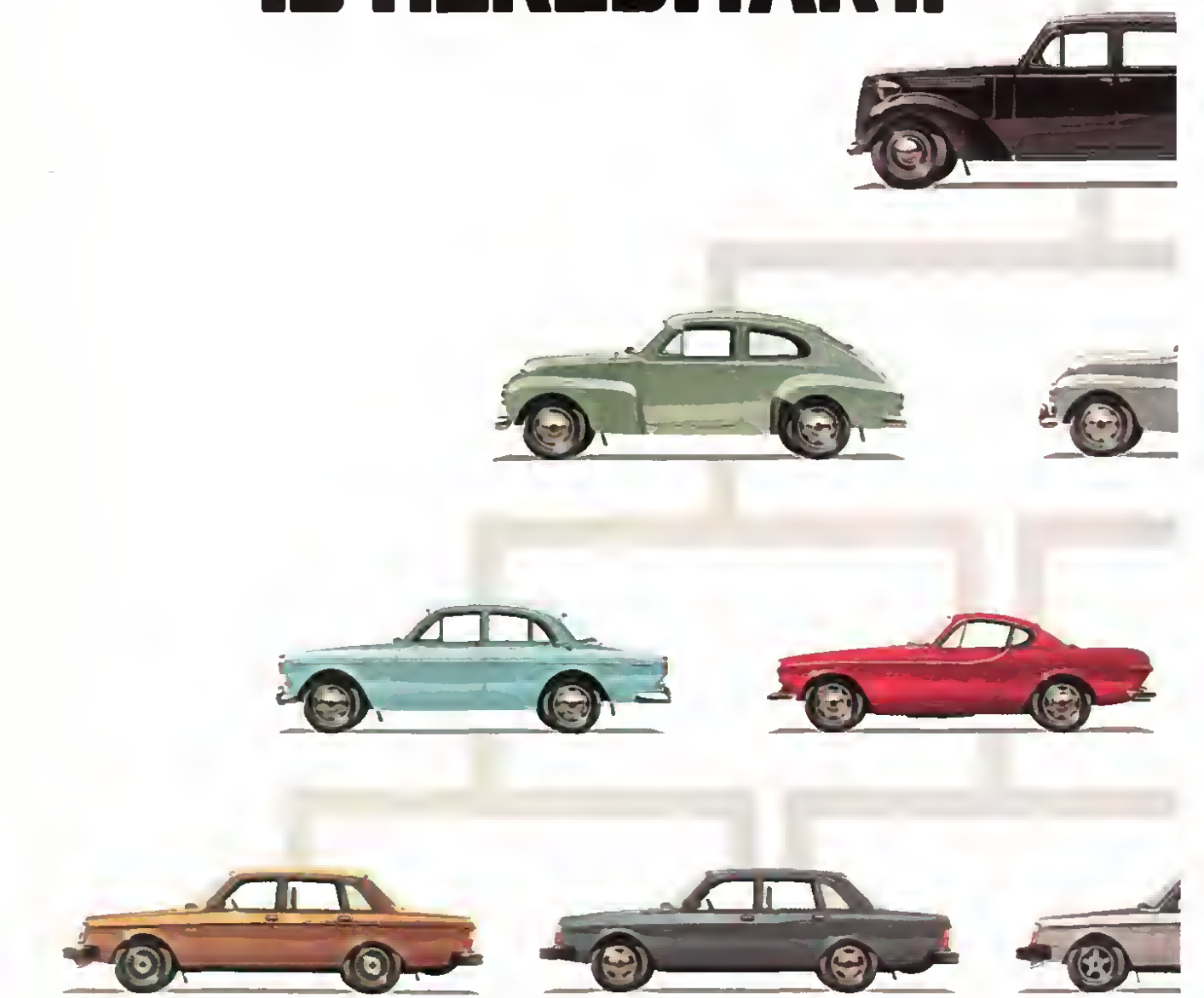
Edmonton beat Montreal 6–3 in the first game of the playoffs, and Gretzky tied a Stanley Cup record by getting five assists. And just in case Sevigny had been too stupid to notice, after the Oilers' sixth goal Gretzky skated by the Canadien net and patted the general vicinity of his back pocket. No question about it. The Kid has got brass.

When Edmonton won the second game 3–1, the Montreal fans rose to applaud the Oilers as they celebrated their

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victory at center ice. It was as if the fans had sensed the baton being passed from Lafleur, who had been the most exciting player in hockey the six previous years, to Gretzky. It was kind of a sad thing, but it was too obvious to ignore. Right there in the Montreal Forum, *in the playoffs*, Gretzky was dominant, playing on a different level from even Lafleur. When the papers tried to depict the series as a matter of Gretzky-over-Lafleur, Gretzky rose to his rival's defense, saying, "One guy can't win the Stanley Cup, or the Boston Bruins would have won it seven straight years with Orr. The better the team plays, the better you play." It works the other way around, too, but only with some players, the great ones. That's what was happening in this series. The Oilers won the next game 6–2 to complete the sweep. Lafleur had one point in the three games. When Gretzky was on the ice and the teams were at even strength, Edmonton outscored Montreal 11–0.

In the next round the Oilers lost to the defending Stanley Cup champion Islanders four games to two, but not before Gretzky had made his way into one of Torrey's poems to Nanne (*page 52 et seq.*).

> *This epistle will be rather short*
> *and sweet*
> *I need time to figure a way to*
> *keep number 99 off the score*
> *sheet.*
> *It's scary to think disaster lurks*
> *due to some 20-year-old,*
> *But after looking at the tapes,*
> *Gretzky is something to behold.*

The Islanders' strategy was to hit Gretzky every opportunity they got, which is easier said than done. "He's an open pond guy," says Torrey, "an eel who's hard to hit because he's not around the boards much. But Dave Langevin caught him with a helluva check, and Bryan Trottier hit him once. Those shots slowed him down. By the fifth and sixth games, Gretzky wasn't the same player he was in the first three or four."

Sather noticed it, too. "They bumped him a lot more in the last few games," he says. "He was tired against the Islanders. He won't ever admit that to you. But then again, you can't rest him if he's the only guy winning games for you."

Nevertheless, the series was a lot closer than New York had dreamed it would be, and it served notice that the Oilers may be the team of the not-too-distant future. Edmonton, needless to say, is rather pleased to have Gretzky aboard. For one thing, he fits the city's image—young, vibrant, confident. Edmontonians are ready to take on the world. The balance of power in Canada has rapidly been shifting west, where the money is, so it's only fitting that the present and future star of the national sport should come from this boomtown.

"They should rename the place Gretmonton," says Al Morganti of *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. Gretzky's picture is everywhere—on jigsaw puzzles, T shirts, key chains, billboards, television, drugstore counters. About every third kid wears a No. 99 jersey to the hockey games. Gretzky endorses seven products, ranging from hockey sticks to chocolate bars. His best-known advertisement in the States is an engaging 7Up commercial he does with his 14-year-old brother, Keith. The income from these activities nearly matches what Gretzky makes playing hockey. The Kid is hot.

This fact has not escaped the attention of the brighter executives around the NHL, who have winced at the league's pathetic attempts to market itself in the U.S. Nanne thinks that the NHL should start a films division, with the first assignment being to produce a highlight movie of Gretzky. Then The Kid could show up on, say, *The Tonight Show*, and television viewers could see the impossible things he does on the ice. You can't do them justice by talking about them. Eddie Mio, an Edmonton goaltender, says that even the players can't fully appreciate what Gretzky does because they're watching from ice level. "I sat in the stands one game when I was injured, and it was magic," says Mio.

Magic sells. Sather thinks the league should come right out and make a commercial about The Kid and pay for it to be aired. "You've got to create some sort of hero image in the U.S." he says. Gordie Howe, who once filled that role, has said, "The NHL needs someone to hang its hat on, and Gretzky looks like a hat tree."

He's already the most recognized athlete in Canada. Gretzky made at least two appearances in each of Canada's eight largest cities over the summer, and once, in Montreal, 7,500 people came to see him in a shopping center. During an autograph-signing session at a Toronto food fair, two girls stood and watched him for four hours, never saying a word, apparently too love-sick to do anything but gawk. "It wasn't normal," says Badali. Gretzky finally asked that the girls be requested to move along—they were giving him the willies—and he undoubtedly lost two fans as a result.

Badali, who handles Gretzky's schedule, is a gentle, soft-spoken man, and for years he has told Gretzky to model himself after Howe. He certainly could do worse. Howe, always modest, always patient with strangers, is beloved in Canada. Gretzky is following the same pattern and gaining similar affection. "So far he has been willing to take advice," says Badali. "As long as he does that, things will be all right."

It can be trying, though. Gretzky has been on the straight and narrow for a long time now. So much of growing up is learning from your mistakes, and it seems as if Gretzky hasn't been allowed to make

continued

Gretzky likes to set up behind the net, a tactic that may revolutionize hockey.



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any for years. "Back in the Sault Ste. Marie days, I did what I wanted to do," he says. "Right now my life isn't in my hands as far as summertime goes. It's in my management's hands."

In addition to trips around Canada, Gretzky made three appearances in New York City this summer and one in Las Vegas. Leroy Neiman painted a portrait of him, the original of which is immodestly priced at $125,000. Prints can be purchased for $2,675 in the U.S., $3,200 in Canada. Gretzky also taped a segment for ABC's *Kids Are People Too*, which is filmed in New York. As a surprise, the producers flew in his three brothers: Keith, Glen, 12, and Brent, 9. Gretzky was surprised, all right, but when his brothers ran out onto the stage, he hardly changed expression. "Nothing surprises me anymore," he says. After the show, Gretzky, alone with all his brothers for one of the few times in his life, took them to a Mets game.

Gretzky is discreetly affectionate with people to whom he feels close. A family friend once described him as "a toucher." Vickie, who describes Gretzky and herself as having a "great, close, backing-each-other, busy relationship," says, "Probably what's most important to him is pleasing his father. His father's brilliant. He's always right. And he's old-fashioned when it comes to family upbringing. When he says 'Jump,' they say, 'How high?' They all have a lot of discipline. It's in their blood."

Even with mere acquaintances, Gretzky displays a puppy-like desire to please, to be liked. For a while he winked at everyone. "He's more outgoing and seemingly younger than Orr was at the same age," says Nanne. "As a result, Gretzky's presence does not command that mystique. He's more like a kid brother or a son."

Orr wasn't particularly concerned about cultivating his image. He was very much a player's player. One of the guys. Gretzky is well liked by his teammates, but he's clearly on a different track. In 15 years it's unlikely that he'll be a scout or a general manager or a player representative. He'll be a corporate executive or a movie star, or something outside hockey. He mingles better with people outside his profession than those in it. The thought of Thicke and Murray discussing him so tickled Gretzky because he has not fully come to grips with the breadth of his celebrity. "He still thinks of himself as an average Canadian guy," says Sather, "and the public responds to that."

This summer in Las Vegas, Gretzky practically gawked when he met Judy Landers of *B.J. and the Bear*. Says Mio, who was there, too, and admits he did the same, "It's all right for me to do that but Gretzky shouldn't. He's one of *them*."

Gretzky took August off from personal appearances to get in shape for the Canada Cup. Not that he ever gets really out of shape. He ran a little and lifted weights, beefing up to 173 pounds. In strength tests the Oilers held in 1979, Gretzky finished last. Yet on tests that measured endurance and recuperative powers, his performance was outstanding. Those results help explain why he picks up so many of his points at the tail end of shifts or in the third period. Since turning pro, Gretzky's speed has improved greatly, and he's now one of the fastest forwards in the league, despite an awkward skating style. "He's not what you'd call fluid," his father says. "It's because of his arms. Watch his arms. I always told him to hold them away from his body. You can't do anything with your elbows tucked up against your body, but keeping them out makes you look funny when you skate."

When the best players in the NHL assembled for Team Canada, the coach, Scotty Bowman of the Buffalo Sabres, assigned Gretzky to center a line that had Lafleur as right wing. Bowman later settled on Gil Perreault, who is naturally a center, as their left wing. "They couldn't wait to play with Gretzky," Bowman says. Lafleur and Perreault each had had his most disappointing season in 1980-81, but in Team Canada workouts each was skating as he had in his prime. "The Kid has gone into rejuvenating careers," said Frank Orr of the *Toronto Star*. It became obvious how badly Lafleur missed his old centerman, Jacques Lemaire, who left the Canadiens after the 1978-79 season. Since then no one has been able to get the puck to him consistently. With Gretzky, it was as if he and Lafleur had played together forever. "Lafleur is kind of a free-spirit player, as is Gretzky," says Berenson, who was one of Bowman's assistants on Team Canada. "They can anticipate each other's moves. And they have a mutual respect, the kind great, great players have for each other."

They played with total selflessness. No egos were at stake, no attempts at one-upmanship were made. At times, they overpassed, forgoing good shots in an effort to make the perfect play. Perreault caught the spirit, too, and until he broke his leg, they were the best line in the tournament. In the world. But it was Gretzky's show. He had brought out the best in the other stars. Gretzky, though, doesn't accept that assessment.

"He doesn't think of himself as the greatest, because of his respect for Guy," says Mio, who, of Gretzky's peers, may know him best. "He just loves Guy. He'd like to have the same public image as Lafleur—not sophisticated and not a jerk."

Gretzky isn't the only one who loves Lafleur. During the Canada Cup games in Edmonton, the fans chanted "Guy! Guy! Guy!" whenever he touched the puck. It was the first time he had been the object of such an outpouring of affection, and Lafleur joked that it was Edmonton's way of thanking him for the way he played in

continued



At age 4 Wayne had been skating for two years.

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last spring's playoffs. But it was more than that; it was for services rendered, for the years when he was the greatest and carried the burden that will be Gretzky's for the next little while. "They give more to the game," Sather says of the few true superstars. "They care about it more. Gretzky's got to pay his dues yet, but I'm 100% sure he'll do it. The way it shows is how the team around him plays better each year."

Sather thinks this season will be Gretzky's toughest. The main reason is that with the new unbalanced schedule Edmonton will play each of the clubs in its division eight times. "They're going to have to figure out a way to stop him," Sather says. "Last year you'd play a team once and might not see it again for two months."



At 11 Wayne was all ears when Howe hooked him.

Theories abound on how to stop Gretzky. The Bruins enjoyed some success by assigning a man to shadow him all night. Berenson, though, doesn't believe that tactic makes good sense. "If Gretzky plays 40 minutes," he says, "and I play my best defensive player 40 minutes, sooner or later Gretzky's going to score because he's better at his game than my guy is at his. Furthermore, Edmonton's going to win because when Gretzky's out there, he always has a chance to score, and my defensive line has very little chance of doing so. You have to stick with what you do best." It should be noted, however, that Gretzky got five goals and two assists in one game against St. Louis last season while the Blues presumably were concentrating on what they do best.

Nanne has a different idea. "It sounds stupid," he says, "but the way to play him is to put as many guys on him as it takes to keep him away from the puck and leave his teammates alone and hope they don't score. You can't say that if you cover Gretzky's linemates he'll have no one to pass to, because he creates his own scoring opportunities."

Another Nanne idea is to push the goal back against the boards so that Gretzky can't set up behind it. When Gretzky was 14, his junior coach told him to find a place for himself in the offensive zone where he wouldn't always get knocked down. So he went behind the net, and the tactic may revolutionize the game. "It's like having an extra player out there, particularly on the power play," says Cliff Fletcher, general manager of the Calgary Flames. "He uses the net like a pick."

A puck fired around the boards invariably passes behind the goal—remember the drills Gretzky's father put him through—so when Gretzky is back there, he's easy to hit with a pass. The defenseman then has a problem. If he chases Gretzky from one side of the net, Gretzky will scoot out the other. If two players come after him, one from either side, Gretzky will slide the puck to one of the areas they've just vacated. A teammate should be sweeping in. And if the other team leaves him alone back there, he either will thread a pass onto someone's stick in front or come out in front himself, forcing a defender to commit himself. "The best you can hope for is to get on him quickly and force him to his backhand," says Berenson without much enthusiasm, because Gretzky, of course, will find a solution to that, too.

Team Canada is practicing in Edmonton. The style of play in the NHL is starting to change, starting to adopt aspects of the European game, which emphasizes speed and passing over size and power. Gretzky is now a role model, and it's possible that other young Canadian forwards will begin setting up behind the net, flicking accurate passes to teammates, using brains instead of brawn. In the post-Orr years, every young defenseman in Canada carried the puck into the offensive zone, an unfortunate habit that probably set back hockey in North America 10 years. But this style of Gretzky's, it will be something else, if it catches on. It's fun, creating plays. It can be seen in the way Lafleur, Perreault and Gretzky practice this day, in the way they weave and pass, nearly laughing.

Two girls are watching. They're oblivious to the wonderful hockey they are seeing. One says, "Did you hear?"

"What?"

"Wayne and Vickie are breaking up."

(*Hopefully*) "Really?"

"For sure. I feel really bad for her. She was the most popular girl in school, you know."

(*Even more hopefully*) "Are you sure?"

"Poz."

(*Sighs*) "I'd like to meet him. Maybe I could find out exactly why they call him [*giggles*] The Great Wayne Gretzky."

The Canada Cup games will now shift to Winnipeg, and a bus will take the players to the airport. Everyone is aboard but Gretzky. The Kid is late again. As the team waits, Phyllis Gretzky sends someone onto the bus to get Lafleur to sign a picture of him and her son. Lafleur is one of Phyllis' favorite players.

Gretzky arrives with Vickie, embarrassed to have caused the delay. His sister and Badali have gone to get Gretzky's suitcase. He and Vickie haven't broken up, but as long as schoolgirls carry hope in their hearts, there will be rumors.

"Bet you $5 The Kid kisses her goodby," someone on the bus says. The players start an "Ohhhhhhhh" that builds and builds, like before the opening kickoff at a college football game.

"Ohhhhhhhh. . . ." This is going to be really funny. "Ohhhhhhhhhh. . . ." Gretzky does nothing, and they run out of air. Then Badali arrives with the suitcase, and Gretzky gives Vickie an affectionate kiss on the cheek. Everyone on the bus boos. You see, The Kid has timing. Why do you think they call him Great? **END**



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Reminiscence

by WILLIAM G. TAPPLY

A COLLISION AT THIRD BASE TESTS THE STUFF OF WHICH LEGENDS ARE MADE

My left foot is aching again. It always does when the barometer is falling. For 26 years I've been able to predict the weather with my left foot, a very palpable memento of my brush with the legend.

It wasn't a mere brush, actually, it was a collision.

Even as a 14-year-old I knew about legends. They were the guys who hung around the playgrounds in the summer and the gyms and bowling alleys in the winter, high-school dropouts mostly, who had once been blessed, or cursed, with bodies that matured too early. They had been bigger and stronger and better coordinated than others their age, young men in a world of adolescents. They had once hit a baseball farther, scored more touchdowns and shot more baskets than their peers in high school. Later, though, they became big-gutted from too much beer and not enough exercise, full of stories of what had been and what, if it hadn't been for a bad break, might have been. Most of them could still dominate us kids. But we knew why they tried: they couldn't compete in the world of men.

My friends and I tolerated them, but we were wise enough not to be flattered when they boasted to us or frightened when they bullied us. We didn't admire them, we pitied them.

I assumed that Joe Bellino was another such legend. Oh, he had done it all for our next-town rival, Winchester (Mass.) High. In the state championship basketball game he stole the ball and drove the length of the court for the game-winning layup—in sudden-death overtime. All the big-time football powers were recruiting him. And as a catcher, he was compared by major league scouts to Roy Campanella.

I wasn't impressed. Another precocious jock—I knew about them.

Still, as I sat on the bench that sunny May afternoon in 1955, waiting to play third base in my first varsity baseball game for Lexington High, my nervousness was compounded by the prospect of playing against Joe Bellino, who was then a junior and already an established legend. I watched him as Winchester went through its infield drills. He had a stocky, Yogi Berra body. His throws to second, flicked so casually, seemed to be still rising when they arrived. He didn't chatter or yell, and carried himself with such grace, such sublime self-confidence, that he commanded attention. I was still skeptical; he was no hero, no legend to me. But the more I watched him, the more I began to feel that I, a skinny freshman, didn't belong on the same field with Joe Bellino.

I certainly played as if I didn't belong. The first ball hit to me was the easiest kind of lazy three-hopper. I grabbed at it too eagerly. It hit the heel of my glove, bounced off my knee and came to rest in the third-base coach's box. An inning later I threw a bunt into rightfield. I struck out. Twice. My first varsity baseball game (my coach called it my "first debut") was becoming a nightmare. My teammates ignored me, for which I was grateful. The Winchester players didn't say much either. They knew a good thing when they saw it.



ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH CIARDIELLO

In the sixth inning we were losing by five runs, most of them directly attributable to my errors and my failure to hit. I slumped miserably by myself on the end of the bench. When my coach came to sit beside me, I figured he was going to take me out. He didn't look at me, and at first I didn't realize he was talking to me. He seemed to be studying the game from beneath the visor of his cap.

"Errors are part of the game, son," he mumbled, never taking his eyes off the Winchester pitcher. "Never blame anyone for an error. There! See how he twists the ball in his glove? Curveball coming."

He went on and I listened to him. I began to think of the game and not just my own part in it. My next time at bat, when I saw the pitcher twist the ball in his glove, I managed to bloop a hit into short rightfield. As I stood on first base I thought, "Two strikeouts and a single. I'm a .333 hitter!"

I scored a run and we got a couple more. When we took the field in the seventh, the score was tied.

Bellino, meanwhile, was playing the way legends are supposed to play, hitting line drives and throwing out base runners with impressive nonchalance. Then he was on second base, the potential winning run.

"Watch the steal!" yelled our shortstop. I glanced toward second, where Bellino stood, hands on hips, staring at me and, it seemed, sizing me up. I looked quickly back to the plate, praying for a passed ball, a wild pitch, a base hit—anything so I wouldn't screw up.

When the pitch was released someone shouted, "There he goes!" I moved to straddle the bag. Our catcher's throw was perfect, and as I caught it I turned to face the sliding Bellino. I had him dead to rights.

They told me afterward that he didn't slide, that he caught me with a perfect cross-body block as I was pivoting to make the tag. I don't know. I never saw him hit me. The next thing I knew, I was lying on my back in foul territory, some distance from third base, with an enor-

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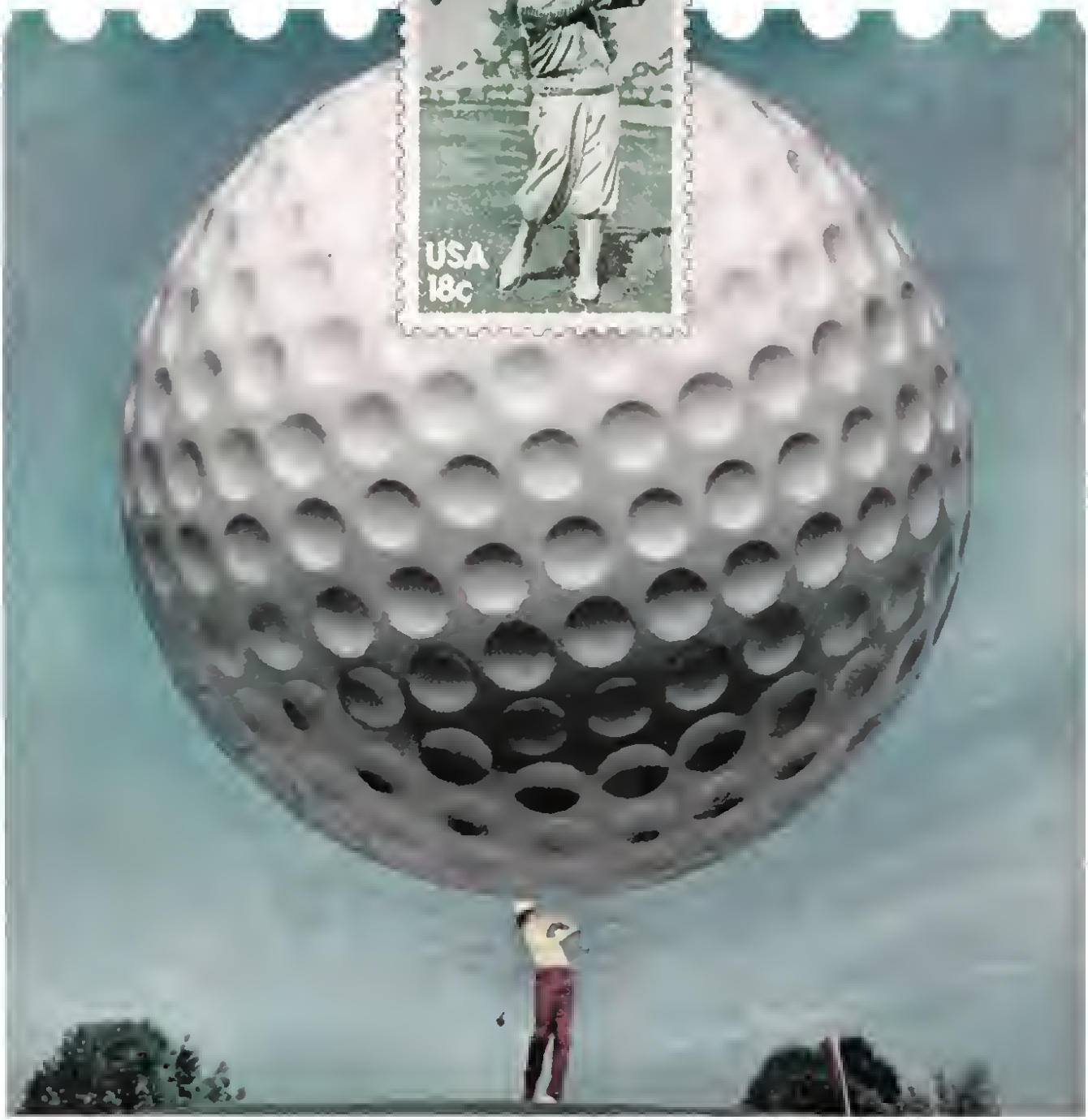
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mous weight on my chest. When I opened my eyes I was staring into Joe Bellino's face.

"You O.K.?" he asked softly.

I started to answer, but he was gone. I realized I was holding the ball in my glove against my chest. I tried to stand up. That's when I felt the screaming pain in my left foot. I sat looking at Bellino as he perched on third base, arms folded across his chest. He and the umpire seemed to be studying me as they chatted. I saw Joe nod once and look down, tapping the bag lightly with his toe.

"Hey, you're out!" I said from where I sat.

The umpire smiled at Bellino, then shrugged at me. He spread his hands, palms down.

"Wait a minute," I yelled. "I got the ball. See?" I held up my glove for him.

"The runner," pronounced the umpire, grinning, "is safe."

My coach didn't argue with umpires. He felt it set a poor example for us. This time, as he knelt beside me and touched my foot gently, he muttered only, "Bad call." Then he spoke to Bellino, who had come over to look. "I've always admired you, Joe. Not anymore."

The pain took over and I lost interest in the conversation. I lay back on the ground, surrounded by coaches and umpires and players and Joe Bellino, and I couldn't help it, I cried.

After the game, which Winchester won 9–8, Bellino came to the bench where I sat with my throbbing foot. He half carried me to the bus, never saying a word. In spite of my pain, it embarrassed me that my chest was bony where he held me under my arm, and that he was able to bear my weight so effortlessly. He helped me to a seat, then touched my leg and said, "Take it easy." As he walked off the bus some of my teammates called to him, "Hey, take care, Joe" and "Nice game, Joe."

I thought to myself that legends aren't easily tarnished.

The X rays showed that the first three metatarsals in my left foot had been broken clean through. I wore a cast and hobbled around school on crutches for the rest of the baseball season. For the first few days I was treated like a celebrity. I was the kid whose foot had been broken by Joe Bellino. Senior girls actually vol-

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unteered to carry my books. The boys on the varsity gave me rides in their cars. The local barber even gave me a free haircut.

I should have gloried in all the attention I received. I was almost a legend myself. But not quite. Too often, people I didn't know would stop me in the school corridor or in a store. I had many conversations that went like this:

Stranger: "Hey, I hear you got that [pointing to my cast] from Joe Bellino, huh?"

Me: "Yeah."

Stranger: "I've seen him play football. He can hit. People, I mean."

Me: "He can hit all right—people *and* baseballs."

Stranger: "So what was it like?"

Me: "I don't know. Never knew what hit me. Knocked me cold. First thing I remember was lying on my back in the coach's box with Joe on top of me. Ten feet beyond the bag at least."

Stranger: "Wow! I guess he can hit. So, anyway, was he out? Did you hang on to the ball?"

Me (lamely): "Well, I held the ball. I *did*. But the umpire, he called him safe."

Stranger (terminating the conversation): "Oh, sure. That's too bad. Oh, well."

My story was flawed, my small claim to distinction diminished. I quickly learned to divert those conversations. My cast and my crutches, which by all rights should have been emblems of my courage, became instead my curse. I refused to talk about it. *I* knew he was out. He was lying on my chest, right on top of the glove that held the ball, and we were yards away from the base. But none of that really mattered. I had to be honest and say he was called safe, and that ruined it all.

I grew to hate Joe Bellino, not for breaking my foot and making me cry but for being called safe, for having that kind of power over an umpire, for being a legend. I found that there was some stature in being the victim of a legend, but not much.

My foot and my ego healed thoroughly over the course of the summer, with the exception of the ache that I soon recognized could forecast stormy weather. My attitude toward legends remained as skeptical as ever.

The next winter the Winchester bas-

continued

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TIME

ketball team—led, naturally, by all-everything Joe Bellino—was undefeated and on its way to another state championship when we played them. I was a sophomore second-stringer. By halftime Bellino had 16 points and we were losing 38–17. I played most of the second half; Bellino didn't play at all.

I was peeling the tape off my ankles in the locker room afterward, when someone touched my shoulder and then sat beside me.

"Billy, how you doing?" said Joe Bellino in that soft voice of his.

He knew my name! I glanced up, then returned my attention to my ankles. "Oh, hi, Joe. Nice game."

"Good game yourself. You've got a nice jump shot there."

"Sure, thanks."

"Look, I never heard. Your leg, was it hurt bad?"

"Couple broken bones in my foot. It's fine now. No problem."

"Well, listen. I shouldn't have done that. I should have slid. But you had the ball waiting for me, and. . . ."

I shrugged. "It's O.K. You gotta try to win."

He stood beside me. I picked at the tape. He spoke loudly enough for my teammates in the locker room to hear. "I couldn't believe you held on to the ball. I gave you my best shot. You had me cold. I was out. No question. The ump blew the call." He paused for a moment. "You're a tough kid."

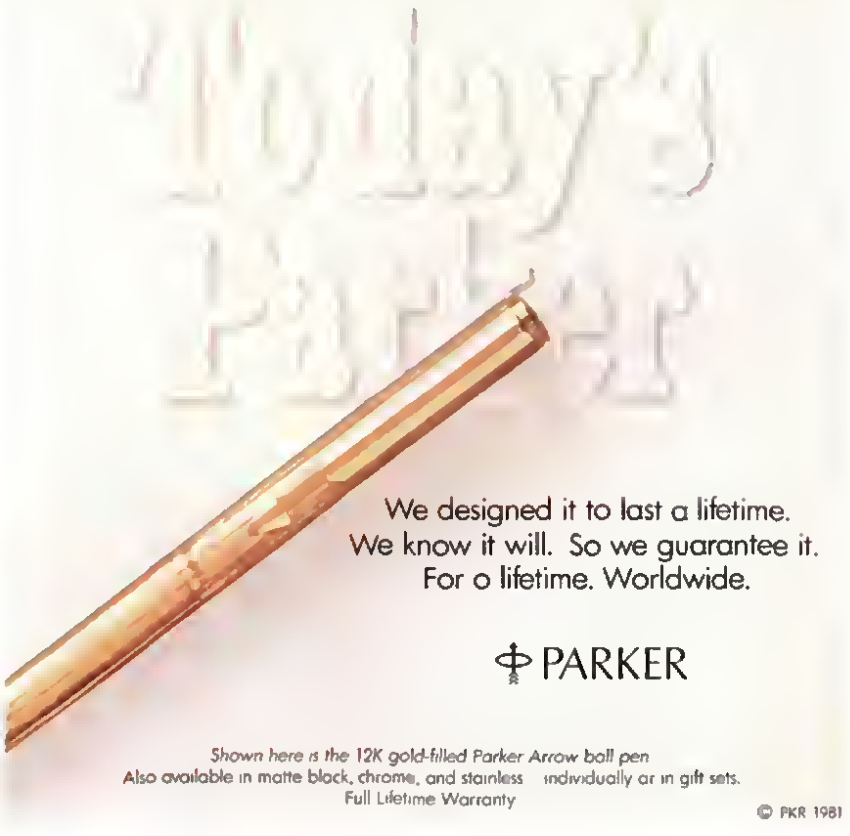
I looked up at him. He grinned and held out his hand. We shook solemnly.

"Accept my apology?" he asked.

"No sweat," I replied.

My teammates seemed to look at me a little differently after that, though perhaps it was only my way of looking at myself. I do know that my attitude toward legends—or at least to that particular legend—changed. I watched Joe Bellino win the Heisman Trophy, a first for the Naval Academy, and later run back punts for the Patriots. I saw him hit people who were considerably better padded than a bony freshman third baseman whose foot he had broken.

Now, when a low-pressure front moves in and that foot begins to throb, it still pleases me to remember one tough kid who hung on to the ball. **END**

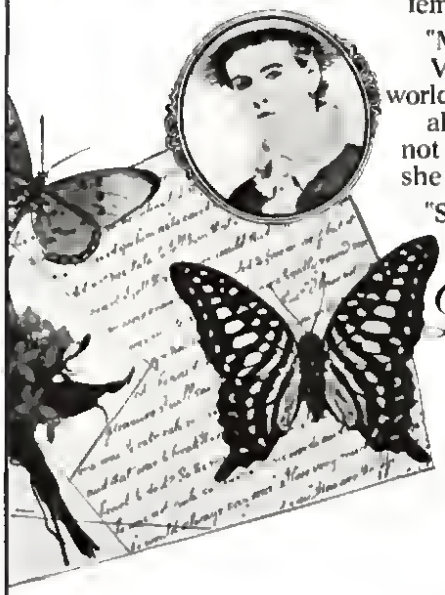


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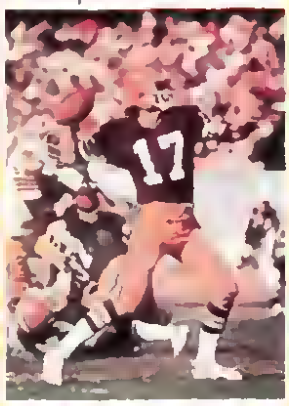
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PERSPECTIVE

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

IN THE VIEW OF THIS MARATHONER, THE BEST KIND OF RUN IS ONE DONE FOR FUN

Judging from the magazines I read, running appears to be the most analyzed participant sport in America. Why do so many people run? Vanity? Why do some of them run so far? Insanity? When does running become a negative addiction? What will be the future of the sport? No other physical activity—none usually undertaken outdoors, at any rate—inspires so much speculation. Golf's elder statesmen may lament the fact that there don't seem to be enough youngsters taking up the game, and the Federal Government has funded a study of the childish behavior of many tennis players, but, to my knowledge, no writers have felt obliged to dismiss recreational golfers and tennis players as egomaniacs, lunatics, masochists or bores. Instead, the writers tacitly acknowledge that people indulge in these sports simply because they enjoy them.

I hate to see something good treated badly in print, and my hope is that before long recreational running will be regarded as nothing more than a pleasant pastime, too. I even think that may actually happen. After all, there are perhaps three main reasons for running: for the healthfulness, or the competitiveness or the fun of it. Most people who take up running, and stick with it, pass through the first two of these stages and into the third. Now that the sport has been popular for several years, I believe the majority of runners are doing what they do primarily for enjoyment.



ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT NEUMEISTER

At first, of course, most people run to improve their health. If it is vanity to want to be in decent physical condition, it's a healthier form of vanity than that which makes some of us write articles for magazines.

Anyone who begins running to improve his body is almost certain to be in for a trying half year or so. But those who overcome the sore muscles, aching joints and assorted injuries finally find themselves in shape. Chances are they feel better, both physically and mentally, than they have ever felt before. The next step, then, is to enter races.

For two or three years a runner's times will improve, and perhaps he will win or place in his age group. It's during this period that he's most likely to buy books and magazines that explain in minute detail how to cut 10 minutes from one's marathon time by going on a turnip juice and organic granola diet, and enumerate 15 ways to stretch a quadriceps.

Sooner or later one of two things happens to a competitive runner: he injures himself and is forced to cut back his training and slow down, or he reaches the limit of his ability. He then finds it extremely difficult, if not impossible, to improve his times. After all, he is very perceptibly growing older.

Some runners, usually only the very best ones, may compete for years, but most of them eventually decide to take it easy and run for the fun of it. They realize somewhere along the road that they have no more in common with Rodgers, Shorter and Salazar than the weekend golfer has with Watson and Nicklaus or the average tennis hacker has with Borg. And by then they have also learned that an eight-minute mile burns up almost the same number of calories as a five-minute mile, so they run at an enjoyable, comfortable pace. I for one have come to the point where, if I participate in a road race with 300 others, I'm just as happy to come in 211th as 14th. The camaraderie—the gratification of sharing a pleasant experience with others—has become the primary thing. Millions of runners have gone through the health and competition stages and are now in the sport for fun. They'll stay in it, too.

The clearest evidence I've seen of this was in the 1980 Honolulu Marathon. My family and I were in Hawaii on a vacation, and I signed up for the event as an experiment. For months I'd been thinking of making my personal transition from fairly serious competitive running to easy running. My son Pete entered with me, and we decided to jog along together and enjoy the social contact with the other runners and the 26 miles of semitropical scenery.

Honolulu is known as a marathon for slow runners, for those whose ambition is simply to finish, and it turned out to be as much a social event as a race. Pete and I talked to each other and to other runners all along the route, stopped at every aid station, watched the surfers off the tip of Diamond Head and the hula dancers farther on. We slowed down to get a good look at the Waialae Country Club—site of the Hawaiian Open—as we passed by. Many of the numerous Japanese runners were so casual that they ran with cameras strapped across their backs and stopped to snap pictures of spectacular sights along the way.

Pete is a college distance runner, so our average pace was more than three minutes per mile slower than he's accustomed to. My finishing time was about 35 minutes slower than I've ever done in a marathon before. Going that slowly, with no thought of place or time, does take some getting used to—we all have *some* of the work ethic in us—but it really was fun. Nearly all the runners at Honolulu seemed to be enjoying themselves.

Pete will go back to hard training and competition, of course, because he has a lot to look forward to. But for the millions of us who for various reasons no longer find a hard race the only stimulating aspect of the sport and who by now have come to take the health that results from regular exercise pretty much for granted, there is a long, slow, enjoyable running future stretching ahead. I don't see why anybody should feel obliged to analyze that. **END**

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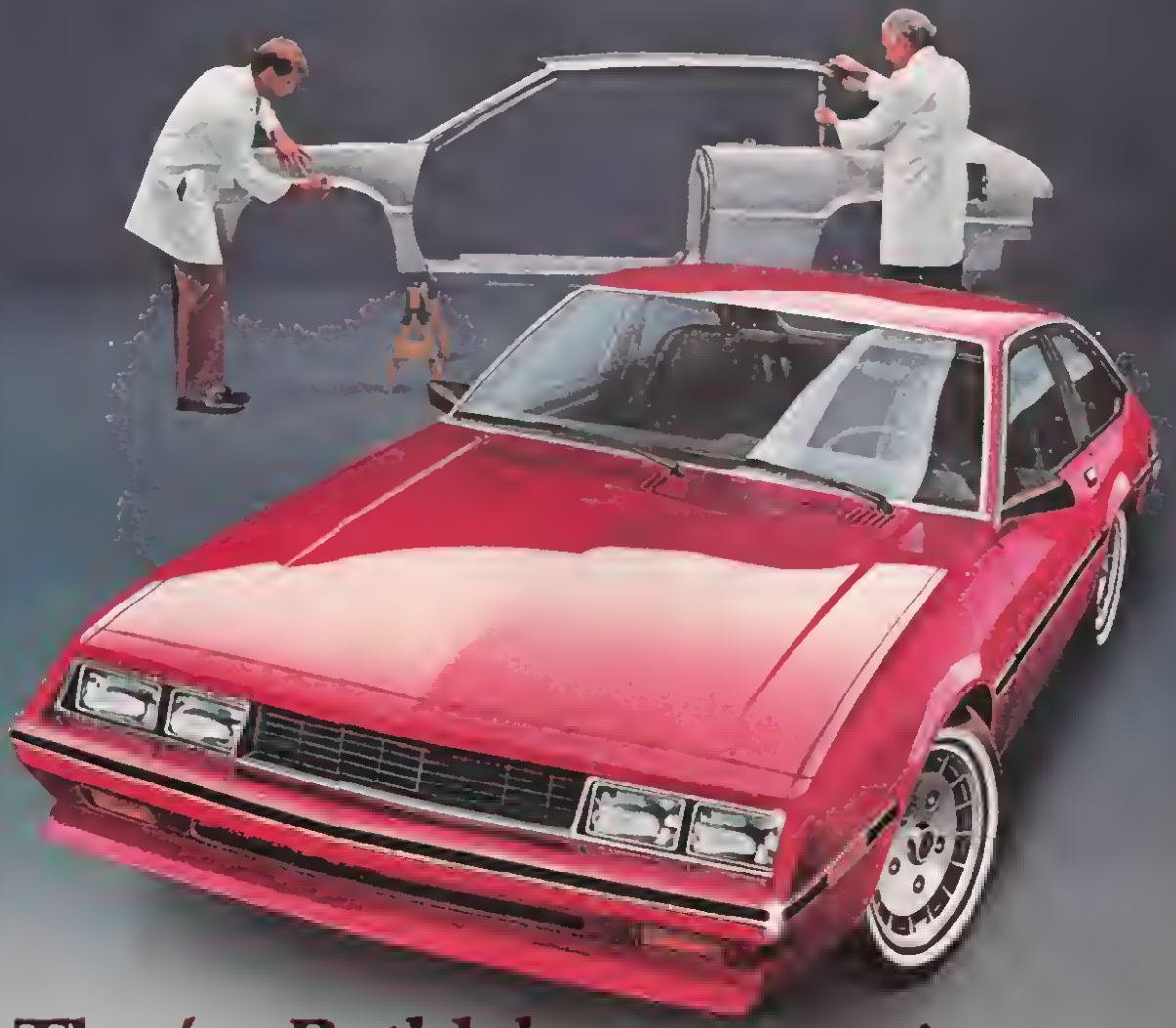
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 28-Oct. 4

Compiled by JANE E. BACHMAN

BOXING—ALEXIS ARGUELLO knocked out Ray (Boom Boom) Mancini in the 14th round to retain his WBC lightweight title in Atlantic City (*page 26*)

MARVIN HAGLER successfully defended his undisputed world middleweight crown with an 11th-round TKO of Mustafa Hamsho in Rosemont, Ill. On the same card MIKE WEAVER retained his WBA heavyweight championship with a 15-round unanimous decision over James (Quick) Tillis (*page 29*)

PRO FOOTBALL—There was joy at last in New England as the Patriots dropped out of the winless ranks with a 33–17 victory over Kansas City. The Pats turned their first two interceptions of the year into touchdowns, Matt Cavanaugh throwing 13 yards to Don Hasselbeck for one of the scores and running eight for the other. John Smith contributed field goals of 50 and 43 yards, the former being the longest of his career. Meanwhile, the Redskins were unable to get off the schneid, losing to San Francisco 30–17 and slipping to 0–5 on the season. The 49ers jumped to a 7–0 lead 5:38 into the game on a 16-yard run by Ricky Patton and then scored five minutes later when Safety Dwight Hicks returned a fumble 80 yards for a TD, the longest such score in San Francisco's history. Hicks also ran back an intereception 33 yards for a touchdown. The win kept the 49ers tied for first with Los Angeles at 3–2 in the NFC West, as the Rams overtook Cleveland 27–16 on Sunday and Chicago 24–7 earlier in the week. The Bears looked as if they might rally from that loss as Quarterback Vince Evans passed for two touchdowns and ran for a third in a game against Minnesota, but Chicago's Hans Nielson missed a 26-yard field goal as time ran out, and the Vikings triumphed 24–21. That tied Minnesota for the NFC Central lead with Tampa Bay, which beat Detroit 28–10. St. Louis upset Dallas 20–17—and knocked the Cowboys from among the unbeatens—thanks to a 37-yard field goal by Neil O'Donoghue with 23 seconds left to play. The Cowboys had defeated the Cardinals six straight times. The Jets had an identical win streak against Miami, and it, too, was snapped—sort of—by a 28–28 tie (*page 36*). Houston ran its non-losing string against the Bengals to six straight with a 17–10 victory in which the Oilers' Earl Campbell ran for 182 yards and one TD and caught the Oilers' only complete pass—a three-yarder. Seattle, which has never beaten San Diego, lost once more to the Chargers 24–10, while Baltimore fell for the second time this season to Buffalo, 23–17, and Oakland did likewise against Denver, 17–0. The Giants lost 27–14 to Green Bay as Quarterback Lynn Dickey of the Packers was 17 of 22 for 208 yards and two TDs. As for Bum Phillips, who as a Houston coach once said, "I would have lived a lot longer if I hadn't played the Pittsburgh Steelers," there was yet another loss to the Steel Curtain. This time Bum, now the Saints' coach, lost 20–6.

GOLF—BILL ROGERS won the $250,000 Texas Open with a birdie putt on the first hole of a playoff. After regulation play Rogers was tied with Ben Crenshaw at 266, 14 under par.

KATHY WHITWORTH and DONNA CAPONI won a $120,000 LPGA best ball team event in Portland, Ore., in sudden death over Jo Anne Carner and Judy Rankin. The twosomes had tied at 203, 16 under par.

HORSE RACING—Angel Santiago rode RECTORY ($46.20) to a half-length victory over Royal Hierarchy in the $163,100 Paterson Stakes at The Meadowlands. The 4-year-old covered the nine furlongs in 1:49.

GALAXY LIBRA ($6.20), Bill Shoemaker up, won the $165,300 Man o' War Stakes at Belmont by 1¼ lengths over Match the Hatch. The 5-year-old ran the 1⅜ miles on turf in 2:14⅘.

Gary Moore rode 4-year-old GOLD RIVER ($45.20) to a ¾-length victory over Bikala in the $618,000 Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp in Paris, finishing the 2,400 meters in 2:35.1.

MOTOR SPORTS—RICK MEARS, averaging 108.284 mph in a Penske-Cosworth on the 3,377.0-mile course, won the Watkins Glen (N.Y.) 200 for Indy-style cars by a lap over Johnny Rutherford.

DARRELL WALTRIP averaged 93.091 mph in a Buick to win a $148,000 NASCAR 400-mile event on the five-eighths-mile North Wilkesboro (N.C.) Speedway oval. He beat Bobby Allison by one lap and 10 seconds.

POWER BOATING—PAUL CLAUSER drove a 41-foot Cougar Catamaran at an average of 78.5 mph over a 208-mile course off Dania, Fla., to win the Harbour Towne Race and the Harmsworth Trophy.

TENNIS—The United States and Argentina advanced to the Davis Cup finals with 5–0 wins over Australia and Britain, respectively.

MARTINA NAVRATILOVA beat Tracy Austin 6–0, 6–2 to win the $125,000 U.S. Women's Indoor Championship in Bloomington, Minn.

GENE MAYER defeated Ilie Nastase 6–3, 2–6, 6–4 to win a $150,000 tournament in Arnhem, The Netherlands. Earlier in the week, ELIOT TELTSCHER beat Brian Teacher 6–3, 7–6 to win a $200,000 tournament in San Francisco.

MILEPOSTS—AWARDED. By the International Olympic Committee, the 1988 Summer Games to Seoul, South Korea, and the 1988 Winter Games to Calgary, Alberta. The IOC also added tennis and table tennis to the 1988 Games, bringing the total of Summer Olympic sports to 23.

ELECTED. To the International Olympic Committee, PIRJO HAGGMAN, 30, of Finland, a freestyle swimmer in the 1972, '76 and '80 Olympics, and FLOR ISAVA-FONSECA, 60, of Venezuela, a non-Olympian but a renowned equestrian in her native country, making the first time that women have been elected IOC members in the 87-year history of the organization.

NAMED. As the American Soccer League's Most Valuable Player, New York Eagle Striker BILLY BOLEVIC, 29, who scored a league-record 25 goals during the regular season. Carolina Lightnin' Wing TONY SUAREZ, 25, was named the league's Rookie of the Year.

TRADED. By the New Orleans Saints, Wide Receiver WES CHANDLER, 25, to the San Diego Chargers for Wide Receiver AUNDRA THOMPSON, 28, and two 1982 draft picks. Chandler set the Saints single-season receiving record with 1,069 yards in 1979.

DIED. BRONISLAW MALINOWSKI, 30, of Poland, gold medalist in the 3,000 meter steeplechase at the 1980 Olympic Games of injuries suffered when the car he was driving collided with a bus in Grudziadz, Poland.

JACK DOLPH, 53, former director of CBS Sports (1959-69) and commissioner of the now-defunct American Basketball Association (1969-72), of a heart attack, in Greenwich, Conn.

FIDEL LaBARBA, 76, former world flyweight boxing champion (1925-27), of a heart attack, in Los Angeles.

CREDITS

8—Lane Stewart. **26,27**—Tony Triolo. **28,29**—Barton Silverman (right), Tony Triolo (3). **30,31**—Heinz Kluetmeier (right), Ronald C. Modra (2). **34**—Heinz Kluetmeier. **35**—Ronald C. Modra. **36**—Paul Kennedy. **37**—Manny Rubio (top), Paul Kennedy. **38**—Manny Rubio (top), Paul Kennedy. **42,43**—Lane Stewart. **59**—Melchi of DeGiacomo. **62**—Andy Hayt. **70**—John Iacono. **72**—Tony Tomsic. **90**—Walter Gretzky. **92**—Brantford Expositor. **103**—Reynold Ferguson (1).

FACES IN THE CROWD



MARK OYSON
TAYLORSVILLE, N.C.

Mark, a ninth-grader at Alexander Junior High, won the boys' Junior World Horseshoe Pitching Championship for the third consecutive year. He averaged 83% ringers in 11 matches in the finals, which were held in Genola, Minn.



LOU BROCK JR.
LADUE, MO.

Lou, a senior quarterback at Ladue High and son of the former Cardinal outfielder, ran 17, 21 and five yards for touchdowns, threw 72 yards for another, kicked five PATs and gained 57 yards on six carries during a 41–0 rout of Northwest High.



TIFFANY TRIBBLE
MESQUITE, TEXAS

Tiffany, 8, a starting fullback and defensive end for the Rutherford Green Packers pee wee football team, has scored six TDs in five games. She also had 118 strikeouts in 41 innings for Rutherford in the Mesquite 7-to-8-year-old baseball league.





WENOY WALK
GRANSVILLE, UTAH

SARANELL WALK
GRANSVILLE, UTAH

Wendy, 15, competing in the 25-kilogram class of the intermediate girls' division at the U.S. National Archery Association Flight Championships, established an amateur women's world hand-held bow mark by shooting an arrow 807 yards, two feet, five inches. Saranell, her 44-year-old mother, earlier had set a national unlimited class hand-held bow record for amateur women of 805 yards, two inches at the same competition. They each hold two other American or world records.



ROBBIE WALTON
RUTHERFORD, N.J.

Walton, 18, was 6–0 with an 0.33 ERA in post-season play and was named most outstanding player in the Babe Ruth World Series for 16-to-18-year-olds as he led his Rutherford team, 31–0 on the year, to the title in Lawrenceburg, Tenn.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

VIEWS OF THE FIGHT

Sir:

Your pictorial coverage of the showdown (*On Top of the World*, Sept. 28) was brilliant. As for Pat Putnam's article, it was most accurate. To think that Ray Leonard could have lost that fight, had it gone the full 15 rounds, because of the incompetence of those so-called judges is disgusting. I saw the bout, and it's obvious from their scoring that the judges weren't watching the same fight I was. Hats off to Referee Davey Pearl for having the courage to stop it before Thomas Hearns was seriously hurt, although I feel he missed one knockdown that cost Leonard points.

Sugar Ray is one of the greatest fighters of all time, in any weight class. He has fought and beaten them all and has always been a man to be respected and admired.

MEL CARDONELL
Totowa, N.J.

Sir:

In his preview of the Sugar Ray Leonard-Thomas Hearns fight (*Sugar Should Frost Him*, Sept. 14), Pat Putnam gave Hearns less than a bum-off-the-street's chance of beating Leonard. Then in the postfight story he wrote as if Hearns never showed anything. We don't know what fight Putnam was watching, but it sure wasn't the same one we attended.

Being from the Detroit area, we went to Las Vegas believing Hearns was invincible, but after the fight we found that although he isn't unbeatable, he's still a great fighter and he showed a lot of heart in a bout in which your writer gave him no chance. This had to be the most biased report we've seen since Rosie Casals covered the Bobby Riggs-Billie Jean King tennis match for ABC-TV.

MARIO EOVALDI
EUGENE WAY
Southfield, Mich.

Sir:

I'm a Leonard fan. Pat Putnam was correct when he stated that Leonard dominated the rounds he won. He was correct when he said that Hearns almost went down in the seventh round. But he was dead wrong with respect to almost everything else. In my opinion, Leonard didn't "dominate" the fight; the first five rounds, four of which I felt Hearns won, weren't "dull", and Leonard didn't transform Hearns into a "bewildered and largely ineffectual fighter." Maybe I went to the wrong fight, because what I saw was nonstop action from start to finish. Hearns proved he could box; Leonard proved he could punch. Both proved they were champions.

BUCKNER WELLFORD
Memphis

ACID PRECIPITATION (CONT.)

Sir:

Allow me to commend Robert H. Boyle on his thoughtful article *An American Tragedy* (Sept. 21). He did an encyclopedic job of documenting acid precipitation—one of the most critical environmental problems facing the Northeastern states.

It is clear that this is a national problem, transcending geographic and political boundaries. For more than five years, New York State, at the direction of Governor Hugh L. Carey, has been the leader in seeking a satisfactory federal solution. We have assembled a wealth of scientific evidence to document the fact that wind-transported pollution from Midwestern states is a major cause of our acid precipitation problem.

Now we have a unique opportunity to do something about it. The federal Clean Air Act expires this year and its extension is currently before Congress. The problem of long-range transport of pollutants, ignored in the earlier versions of the statute, must be addressed.

The time for action is now. To delay any longer can only result in additional destruction of the environment here in New York State, as well as in the entire Northeast.

ROBERT F. FLACKE
Commissioner
New York State Department of
Environmental Conservation
Albany, N.Y.

Sir:

Robert H. Boyle's presentation of the acid precipitation crisis—and it is no less than a crisis—focused a bright light on corporate responsibility. I would tend to disagree only with Boyle's assertion that "environmental consciousness often makes good economic sense." In the long run, it *always* makes good economic sense. Industrial production can continue only as long as the ecosystem is capable of absorbing its by-products. No amount of corporate P.R. work will ever change that.

ROBERT ROCCO
Denver

Sir:

Robert H. Boyle's commentary on acid precipitation leaves the impression—a false one—that *all* American electric utilities have done little, if anything, to control sulfur dioxide emissions. Northern States Power Company (NSP), the major electricity generator in the Upper Midwest, has over the last 10 years cut its total sulfur dioxide emissions by 50% while doubling its electric production. We did it by increasing the proportion of nuclear power generation (44% during the first half of 1981) and by installing massive and costly ($228 million) pollution-control equipment. We were among the first American utilities to burn low-sulfur Western coal and install scrubbers, which allow us to meet not only federal sulfur dioxide limits, but also Minnesota's more stringent regulations.

Several Minnesota and Wisconsin electric utilities, including NSP, are doing extensive acid-rain research. Specially designed equipment will gather data on composition of rain to determine where airborne pollutants originate. Test areas include the Boundary Waters Canoe Area of northern Minnesota.

We need more facts before we label utilities as the major source of acid rain. Meanwhile, our company will continue to install equipment designed to protect the environment.

BRUCE RICHARD
Senior Vice-President, Corporate Affairs
Northern States Power Company
Minneapolis

THE SPRINGBOKS' VISIT

Sir:

A response must be made to the article by Clive Gammon on the South African Springboks vs. Midwest select side rugby game (*A Game They May Remember*, Sept. 28). As an organizer of the event and a member of the Racine-Kenosha Rugby Club, I feel that this article has done us a grave injustice. First, while I appreciate being called a kid—after an 80-minute match, my 33-year-old bones hardly feel sprightly—I don't appreciate our being pictured as a group of innocent babes being led into some sinister woods by the U.S. Rugby Union. In fact, the entire club had discussed all aspects of the game, including its international consequences. As rugby players, we felt that we would be privileged to host a match involving Midwest players against one of the world's greatest rugby sides. We considered this no more than an excellent sporting event. This was not a racist or political statement by any of those concerned.

Second, it should be pointed out that administrators of American rugby did not choose the site. The field we used, which is located in a black community, is one that we have played on regularly for the past four years. We have always had excellent relations with our neighbors and we hope to continue that practice. Because of our consideration for those neighbors, we had hoped to play the match on one of several other fields but were denied that right by city administrators in Kenosha, Racine and Lake Geneva, Wis. Any one of these fields also would have been better for security purposes and would have held more spectators.

While we meant no offense to any of the

continued

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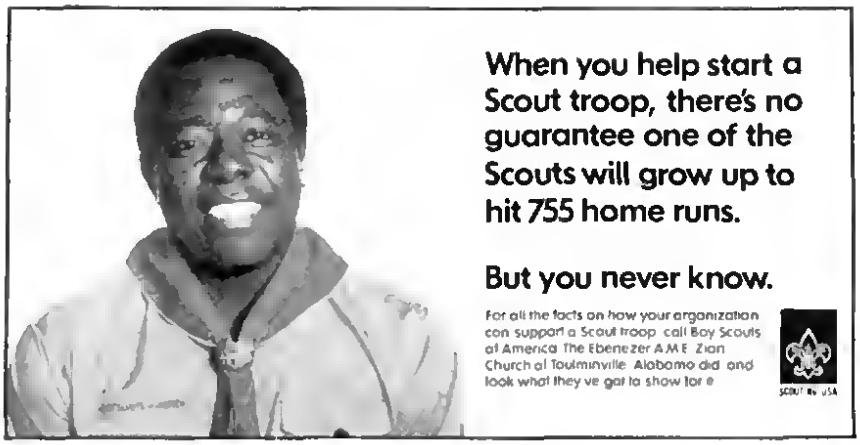
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	2) Returns from news agents	104,124
G)	Total	2,466,502

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Robert L. Miller
Business Manager



When you help start a Scout troop, there's no guarantee one of the Scouts will grow up to hit 755 home runs.

But you never know.

For all the facts on how your organization can support a Scout troop, call Boy Scouts of America. The Ebenezer A.M.E. Zion Church of Toulminville, Alabama did, and look what they've got to show for it.

SCOUT BSA USA

fine black people in Racine, the Racine-Kenosha Rugby Club is proud to have hosted this important match which will only further American rugby. We wish that SI had reported it as a sporting event instead of the two pages of political reporting we read.

Finally, I might say that my green '54 Olds is not "battered."

ERIC J. OLSON
Kenosha, Wis.

Sir:

I wouldn't walk across the street to watch a rugby game, but I will defend to the death anyone's right to play one anywhere in this country. If we really have to become as repressive as South Africa in order to preserve the Los Angeles Olympic Games, then the Games will just have to go, that's all. And if the Springboks' tour of the U.S. has really "crippled forever the Olympic movement," then the Olympic movement must already have been suffering from a terminal case of the blind staggers and deserves to be put out of its misery, anyhow.

But it ain't gonna happen. The 1984 Olympic Games in Los Angeles will surely survive this piddling visit by the Springboks. As the late Senator Everett Dirksen once said of a J.F.K.-backed bill before Congress, it will have "all the impact of a snowflake on the bosom of the Potomac." You're overreacting, SI.

ALFRED J. HANLON
Alexandria, Va.

Sir:

Three cheers for SI! I was one of the organizers for the Yale rugby team's 1981 tour of Zimbabwe, and I believe the U.S. made a horrendous mistake by extending an invitation to the South African national rugby team to tour the country. The actions of the Supreme Court and the U.S. Rugby Union have placed an indelible stain on the international sporting scene. My commitment to the rugby fraternity has been seriously called into question!

DAN SAMSON
New Haven, Conn.

IN SUPPORT OF WISCONSIN

Sir:

As Wisconsin fans, we haven't had much to cheer about since 1962. Now, when we finally have an exciting team to root for, what do you do? You inform us of incidents that don't even relate to the Michigan game (*Doing a Number on No. 1*, Sept. 21). You took the sweetness out of the victory over the then top-ranked Wolverines and left us with a bitter taste. Where's your class, SI? Let us savor the win.

Wisconsin may be under investigation for recruiting violations. However, if the Badgers are proved guilty, it will mean nothing, as they would not be the only NCAA team ever to violate recruiting laws. I will not discontinue my support of Wisconsin, but after this article I will discontinue my subscription to SI. Please send me a refund.

JUDE G. GOSZ
Manitowoc, Wis.

continued

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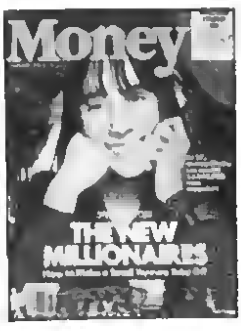
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KEITER'S CONTRIBUTIONS

Sir:

Alexander Wolff's article about Les Keiter's re-creation of baseball games (SIDELINE, Sept. 7) triggered many strong memories for me, because Keiter played an important part in my becoming a baseball fan. Growing up in Brooklyn in 1958, I became a regular listener when Keiter was in New York broadcasting San Francisco Giants games, shortly after the team had been moved to the Coast. I can still recall lying in bed late one night, fighting sleep and listening to Juan Marichal pitch a one-hitter against the Phillies in his major league debut.

I didn't know that these broadcasts were re-creations, but at age eight I doubt that I would have cared. I was having much too much fun making entries on my homemade scorecards. Keiter's imagery made the games vivid, and that's all anyone really wants from a radio sports announcer. It's nice to know that Keiter is still putting that imagination to good use.

MICHAEL DYNON
Warwick, R.I.

Sir:

About a year and a half ago, I had an interview with Les Keiter, one of my boyhood idols, during my radio talk show. It was one of the most enjoyable 20 minutes I've ever spent.

One thing not brought out in the article was that Keiter was, in my opinion, one of the best live-broadcast fight announcers. I vividly recollect his calling the second Floyd Patterson-Ingemar Johansson fight, in which Patterson regained the title.

I miss his voice.

JERRY GREEN
Sportscaster
WLNE-TV
Providence

SHREVEPORT'S PRODUCTS

Sir:

Congratulations on recognizing Louisiana's five current native-son NFL quarterbacks—Terry Bradshaw, Joe Ferguson, Bert Jones, Doug Williams and David Woodley (SCORECARD, Sept. 7). More amazing, though, is the fact that Bradshaw, Ferguson and Woodley all played and starred at Shreveport, La. high schools. Not bad for a city with a population of around 200,000. Now take it a step further and do a feature article on the NFL players who hail from within an 80-mile radius of Shreveport: Pat Tilley, Roger Carr, Fred Dean, Petey Perot, Roland Harper and Carlos Pennywell, to name a few. I think your readers would enjoy it.

JOHN MELDRUM
Shreveport, La.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.


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